VOGUE

Continental Edition

Condé Nast, *Publisher*

Late August
Price Two Francs

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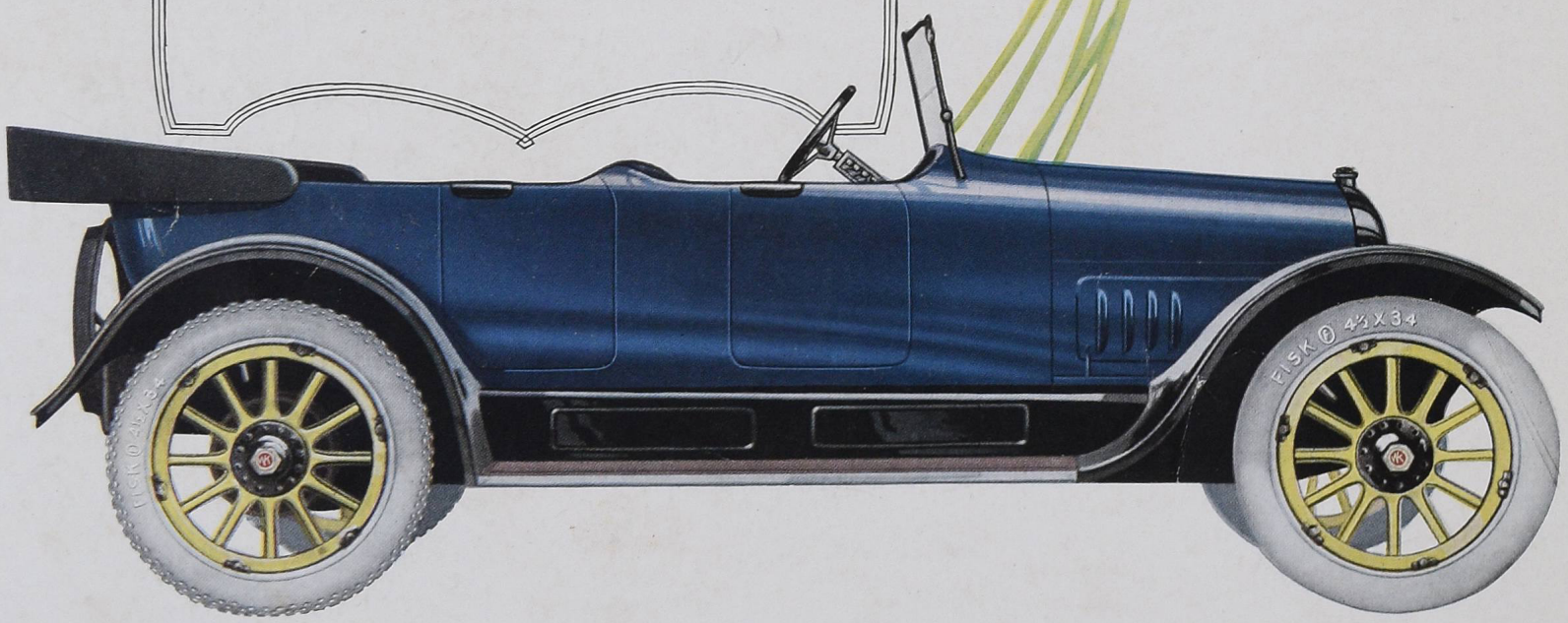

VOGUE COVERS JOIN THE RANKS

Vogue Covers Transform Paper Bags into Knitting Bags Which Earn Money for the Red Cross

Letters from all over the country have come to us, telling how Vogue bags have made money for war charities at fairs and bazaars. In one case, over two hundred dollars was made from their sale

VOGUE, which has been doing war work between its covers, is delighted to hear that the covers have now been drafted, too. Some one has had the amusing idea of pasting these covers on paper-bags and selling them for the benefit of the Red Cross, and we have had many letters telling of their success. These bags may be bought from the Interstate Bag Company, Walden, New York; a pot of paste and a pair of scissors will work the transformation from an ordinary paper-bag into a gay and pretty affair in which that continuous grey or brown knitting may be carried. A year or so ago Vogue would have felt that one might as well expect a pair of silver slippers to meet the requirements of a twenty mile hike, as to expect a Vogue cover to be anything more than decorative and beautiful. It has always prided itself on its covers, which have made the news-stands blossom as the rose; now it feels that it may be doubly proud of them because they are working and earning money for the Red Cross.

A year or so ago it would have seemed incredible that anything so feminine and frivolous as a Vogue cover could ever become very martial, and yet many of our recent covers have had the great war-time spirit; there was on the July 1st issue, Helen Dryden's arrogant French cock; and a tri-coloured lady, drawn by Georges Lepape, waved a wild call to arms on the November 1st cover. Porter Woodruff made a special Red Cross cover for the May 1st issue, which was a striking bit of propaganda for that organization. There will be other war covers to come later on, and many will be done in variations of the tri-colour, for of course, to a painter raw red, white, and blue isn't half so interesting as combinations of mauve and rose with white. Vogue has decided to set aside about 3,000 copies of the covers of each issue, and will send a limited number, on request, to anyone who wishes to make these bags.

VOL. 52 NO. 3 WHOLE NO. 1100

Cover Design by George W. Plank

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for

Late August, 1918

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PARIS OFFICE
VOGUE
2 Rue Edouard VII

Telephone: Louvre { 29-26 / 09-01

Cable Address Vofair, Paris

LONDON
Rolls House
Bream's Buildings
E. C.
Cable Address
Dawvog London

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19 West 44th Street
Cable Address
Vonork New York

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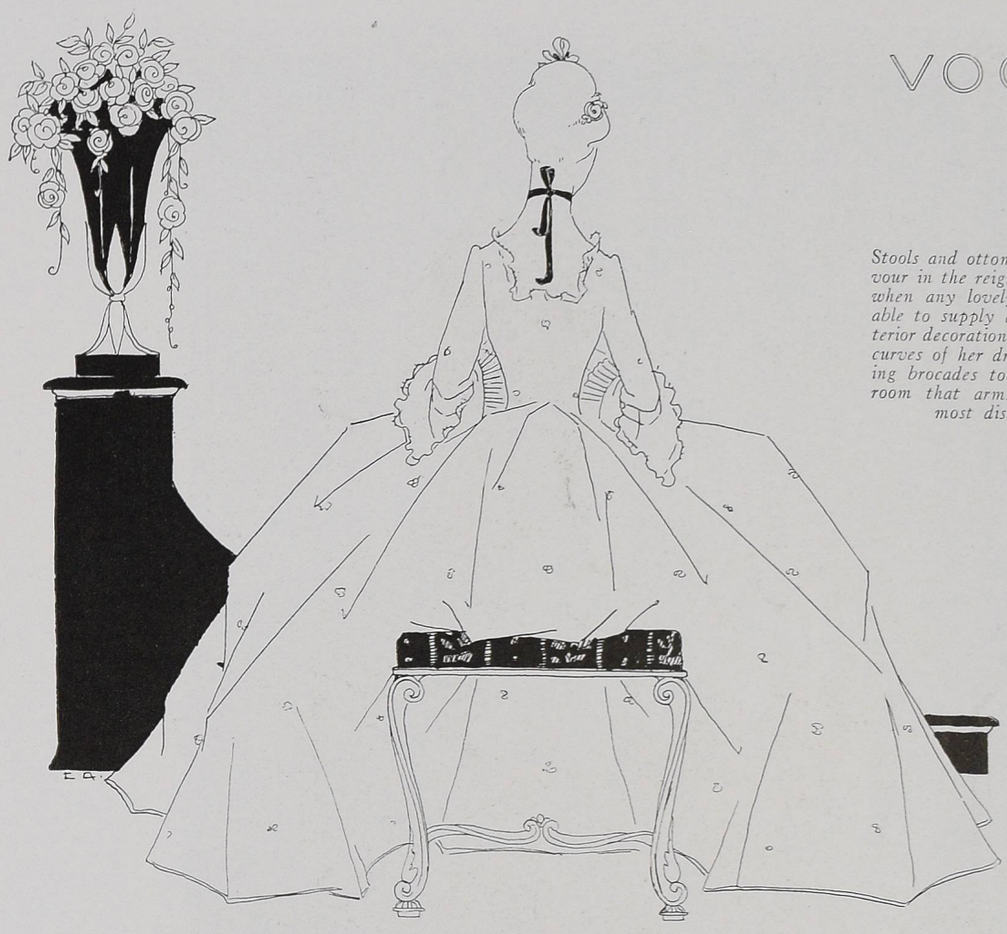
Charlotte Fairchild

MRS. STEPHEN H. OLIN

Mrs. Stephen H. Olin—as one might guess—is vitally interested in the Army. Her son, Earl Dodge, is Captain of Company H, 305th Infantry, now fighting in Europe; Mr. Olin is President of the 305th Infantry Auxiliary; and Mrs. Olin is Chairman of the Wool Committee. The Auxiliary co-operates with the Red Cross in looking after dependent families among the men of the 305th, contributes five hundred dollars monthly to their Tobacco Fund, and hopes to furnish them with forty-four thousand four hundred socks a year



Stools and ottomans were in favour in the reign of Louis XVI, when any lovely marquise was able to supply all necessary interior decoration in the lines and curves of her dress; and billowing brocades took up so much room that arms on chairs almost disappeared

FURNITURE *and* FASHIONS

Furniture Has Followed Dress Along Its Devious Ways and Adapted Itself, as Far as Wood May Follow the Vagaries Of Silk, to the Fashions of Each Period

THIS is an age of deliberate decorating; in the matter of antiques, decorators have gone on the famous principle of "and what he thought he might require, he went and took, the same as me"; and reproductions have rivaled originals in their perfection. But although we have done our furniture in "periods," we have a feeling that there is no time like the present for our clothes, with the result that we find ourselves often very much "out of the picture." To see a beautiful lady in an equally beautiful Paris frock of 1918 sitting in a Venetian armchair is as great an incongruity as if one suddenly came across a macaw or a bird of paradise perching in a maple tree in Central Park.

Whether the furniture of the various periods was influenced by the gowns, or the gowns by the furniture, is difficult to decide, but at all events they used to be in harmony. The question is not a new one, for Foley, the English authority on furniture, says, "In his quest for the comfortable it seems possible that one may come to be measured by the upholsterer for his easy chair as by the tailor for his clothes." The next step may be to follow the humourist's suggestion that a cast be taken of him in his favourite attitude and his chair designed to accord. But Foley fails to provide for my lady, who exacts a chair, not designed for bodily comfort alone, but one which will also set off her charms, in their turn set off by her gown. It is out of key with all modern tendencies that she should remain content to be enthroned in a chair which is merely one of a thousand exactly alike, turned out by a factory in the shortest possible time. One might as logically expect her to be pleased to meet in an afternoon walk a hundred suits exactly like the very one she wears; her chair should be as individual as her gown and designed to accord with it, and it should suit both the gown and the wearer. In the times when the designing of a chair was an art, and not a business, a chair,—whether it were of bronze and ivory inlaid with gold and enamels, or of heavy solid oak, or of highly polished satinwood, whether carved, upholstered, or inlaid,—was the work of an artist, and was adapted by him to its purpose and changed in design from period to period, as custom and costume changed. Throughout the history of furniture, whenever there has been a change in the width of a skirt or in the length and weight of a sleeve, presto, the chair has followed suit.

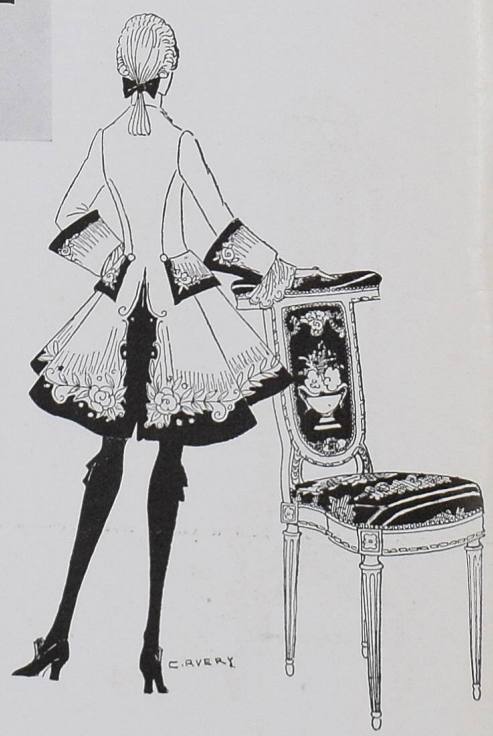
For the lady of classic Greece with soft flowing robes that followed the free curves of her uncorseted loveliness, the chair was a combination of curves to which the rhythmic lines of the figure lent themselves with comfort and grace. To-day, a man may find in one of these ancient chairs or its modern revival, the comfort it brought in Greece two thousand years ago; but hopeless would be the attempt of the woman who tried to fit herself into this low-backed rounding chair. Only once in all the history of the western world has such a chair met the needs of the time and been consistent with the dictates of fashion; this was when the court of the Empress Josephine again adopted the simple, free, uncorseted costume of the time of the French Empire, and the Greek chair became the Empire chair, and its inviting curves of back and arm and leg gave promised comfort to the sitter.

Since the oaken chest and the bench of mediæval Europe began to develop into various articles of household furniture to meet the growing demands of home life, and chairs for the home began to be less ecclesiastical in form and more frequent in number, the chair has followed the costume of the day and been consistent with it—that is, until to-day. In the days when English lords moved often from one strong castle to another, "that the same might sweeten," they carried with them the few heavy oaken chairs and even the beds which, with the chests and oaken benches, comprised the greater part of their household furnishings. When it was thus moved often in carts over rough roads, furniture was necessarily heavy and stoutly built. Yet this was not the only reason for stout chairs, for this was an age when a knight's suit of armour added a hundred pounds to his weight. For him a slim chair of French gilt would never have served the purpose long, or more than once; he needed a chair of solid oak with strong straight legs, with a wooden seat and solid back, and solid sides or arms. The arms were no accidental part of the design of a chair, but were intended for supports for the sleeves of the costumes, for both men and women wore

Baron de Meyer

In the days of Lorenzo the Magnificent beauty of costume had a setting that rivalled it in magnificence and the furniture of that period which has come down to us is lavish in decoration. The pomp and luxury of sixteenth century Italy was reflected in the exquisite damasks and velvets used to attire a lady of that time. Her ample skirts and wide lace ruff indicated a seat of importance and majesty, rich in carvings and covered in heavy brocade; decorations from Chamberlain Dodds

(Below) No sensitive person, of course, could have his mind free for conversation if he felt that he was crushing such beautiful coat tails as these. Hence the origin of the "conversation chair," which a dandy might bestride backwards

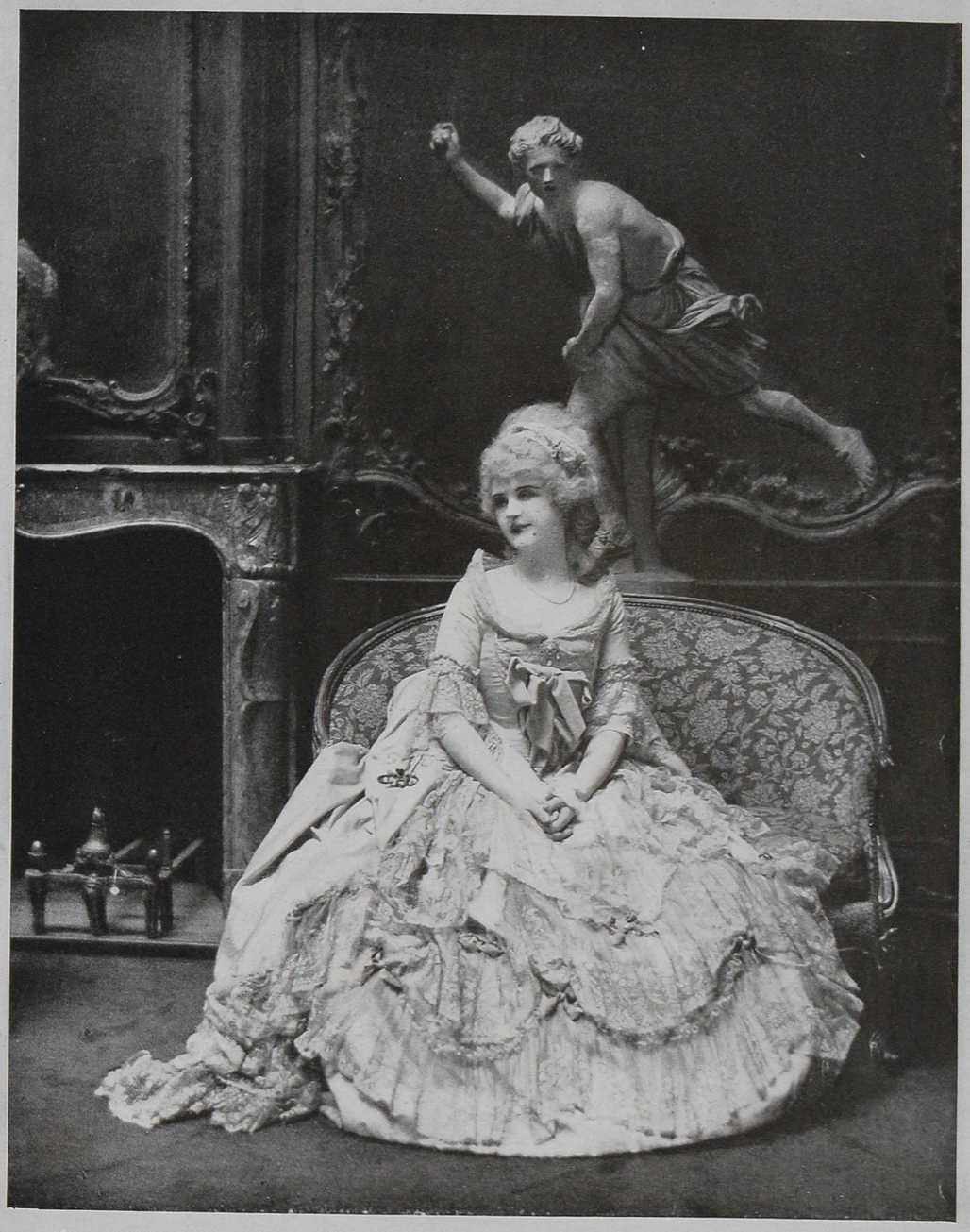


sleeves, often lined with fur, so long and heavy as to have inspired the lines,

"When have I such a short gown
With wide sleeves that hang adown
They would make some lad in this town
A doublet and a coat."

The cold, damp, and draughty castles, heated only by the huge open fires that scorched one side while the other froze, called for costumes that were thick, and heavy, and padded for warmth.

Only so long as the skirts of the women's costumes and the skirts of the men's coats were narrow enough to fit between them, did the arms of the chairs remain solid from seat to arm-rest. As the skirts broadened beyond the seats of the chairs, the arms lost their solid portions, and only the top rail stayed; and when woman adopted the farthingale which Queen Mary imported from Spain with her husband, and man put on the wide skirted coat, off went the chair arms to make a "farthingale chair" adapted to those full skirts. They were the skirts which caused so much wonder at Lady Wyche's famous audience with the Sultana when Sir Peter Wyche was Ambassador to Constantinople under James I. It was with great respect that the Sultana received the English lady and her women in waiting, all in their wide farthingales, but, astonished at the extraordinary extension of the hips of the whole party, she inquired in all seriousness if that shape were peculiar to the natural formation of all Englishwomen. So wide were these costumes that James I forbade the wearing of them at his court because of the space they occupied—more, he is credited with saying, than he did himself. Gradually the farthingale lost in favour, until presently the Puritan fathers "showed Religion in their garments and in their hair cut shorter than their eyebrows," and, one might add, in their furniture as well, which became as uncompromising as their Blue Laws. The Puritan in his severely simple costume permitted no luxurious comfortable chair in his house. The harder,



This photograph of Billie Burke in an exquisite cream coloured dress bears out a writer of the Régence period who admits in a delightful confidence that "we owe our present chairs to the fashion of panniers." The enormous panniers and lace furbelows which delighted the hearts of the court ladies of that time found a chair inadequate, and were quite equal to filling a sofa like this; and it is easy to see why, in that delightful day, both sofas and shepherdesses were called "bergères"; decorations by L. Alavoine and Company

Baron de Meyer

As stiff and hard as a little table bell were the ladies of the uncompromising time of William and Mary. Their tall head-dresses required the balancing lines and the actual support of just such tall severe chairs as this unrelenting walnut affair

straighter, more uncomfortable it was the better it suited the Puritan liking for discomfort and joylessness. So the chair became square, with a pigskin seat. It was plain, unornamented, and hard; never graced with a gay farthingale or flowing brocade, but merely a background for plain straight Puritan gray or brown.

Yet only for a little did gay costumes and chairs stay hidden. They had only to wait for Charles II with his French court to relieve the strain and encourage gorgeousness in all things. Petticoat-breeches appeared and tunics with petticoat-skirts; sleeves became long and large, with wide lace cuffs for the men, while for the women the mode was for less prim formality. Sofas to match the chairs became popular, and were upholstered in bright needlework and finished with many fringes to cover the uncarved frames. The backs of the chairs were somewhat high, and the arms long and low to support the heavy sleeves. Furniture, for the most part of walnut, gave way occasionally to furniture of silver, which was wrought in designs as elaborate as the gowns of the court. But costumes were now light and required less substantial support in chairs; and so caning took the place of wood in the seats and backs of chairs. The head-dress grew in height as the Dutch William sobered the gay court. Petticoat-breeches and full-skirted costumes shrank into themselves, and the silhouette became long and slim.

And what of the chair of the days of William and Mary? It was tall, slender, with simple lines and cane inserts. The tall high back was not merely a following of style in the matter of length of line, but a rest for the head that carried the women's high head-dresses; these were called "commodes," and were made of rows of wide lace standing one above another straight up from the forehead to a considerable height; the men wore a periwig such as Sir Thomas Browne refers to in his "Letters from the Dead to the Living": "his periwig was large enough to have loaded a camel and he had bestowed upon it at least a bushel of powder." It may be here that our first student of domestic hygiene stepped in to banish the elaborate upholstered chairbacks and sofas, and substituted caning as a rest for the powdered head.

Baron de Meyer

Mary Nash in this Empire gown recalls the portrait of Mme. Recamier by David, whose paintings interpret the late eighteenth century penchant for the art of Greece and Rome, when both fashion and furniture reflected the harmonious classic revival

But with broad Queen Anne the head-dress lowered and the costume broadened. Men's long-flapped waistcoats had skirts stiffened out with wire, buckram, and whalebone, while women's flounced skirts grew in width till they spread themselves out over hoops and, together with the lowered head-dresses, caused Addison to comment: "The whole sex is now dwarfed and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once very near seven feet high that at present want some inches of five feet." No slim, high, narrow chair could carry a hoop successfully, and so in self-defiance the chair-seats began to grow in breadth, and the chair-backs, to keep pace with the seats, grew shorter, and broadened like the silhouettes of the men and the women. These lines they kept into the first of the eighteenth century and our grandmothers' day.

As furniture followed the modes and the manners in England, so it did in more versatile France. From the Italian days of Catherine de Medici and her semi-Italian sons to the end of the Empire, French life that was an extraordinary mixture of terror and luxury under Henri II, Charles IX, and Henri III, reflected its extravagant spirit in the tendency of domestic furniture to run to the costly and distorted. Huge, stiff, starched ruffs, and bodices with steel braces to draw back the shoulders and give prominence to the bust came into vogue, while the weight of the robes was stretched at the hips over regular armour. Chairs had thin, separate, straw cushions supposed to soften the wooden seats, and backs which were carved in beautiful heavy designs to the great discomfort of the sitter. That such an era of discomfort did not last long may be seen in engravings of Abraham Bosse, who pictured the life of the times of Louis XIII. He shows men in doublets

(*Continued on page 92*)

The crinolined and bustled ladies of 1865 and 1870 would have found the curves of a Greek chair most disconcerting

On the other hand, the ladies of Greece, whose costumes followed the lines of least resistance, couldn't have managed with stays

FASHIONS THAT ARE HAPPENING IN NEW YORK

Daylight Saving Has Modified the Restaurant Frock; Bell Skirts Are Offered; and There Are Still Smart Weddings in Town

Now that the clock puts dinner in the afternoon, women add hats and scarfs to their evening gowns

ABOVE the whirr of motors it rose, above the rustle of the trees in Central Park, above the murmur of voices in the restaurants—a long, wavering, persistent wail, infinitely ominous. Passers-by on Fifth Avenue involuntarily raised their eyes to the skies that stretched from this building to that, a luminous tissue of midnight blue held carelessly in place with a few twinkling stars. On Park Avenue the sound was louder, separating itself at once from the multitude of familiar noises of the city: a weird persistent note, speaking its message of warning as unmistakably as though with words.

A MESSAGE OF WARNING

No one needed to be told what it was. Perhaps one did not actually say to one's self, "They are testing the new siren whistle installed to warn the city of danger," but one knew at once and unquestioningly that this was a warning. With a queer sinking feeling came the realization, "The war is here!" That grim ruthless thing which has worked such havoc across the waters, the thing that for four years has usurped the front pages of our newspapers—that thing has stretched out its long black fingers and touched us.

Quick on the heels of this, like a revitalizing electric shock, came another impression, "Something—someone—has threatened the city. Our city. Our New York. New York, with its familiar ragged skyline; New York, with the blue blue waters washing its every edge; New York, with its marvellous tall buildings, wherein the wonderful enterprise of the nation centres—that enterprise which is of all things in America most American—the visible overflow of its boundless vitality; New York, with its fragrant playground of Central Park; New York, with its homes, crowded together, unpicturesque, perhaps, but none the less homes, the homes of you and me, of this person and that whom we know, of many others who touch our elbows in the pleasant normal activities of the day." Something—someone—has threatened our city. And in a flash we realize that we love it, every stick and stone of it, every brick and square inch of asphalt, and with a mental leap we take our places in the great brotherhood recruited from the people of many nations who to-day stand in defense of their cities and their homes.

A POSSIBLE DANGER

The danger against which the sirens lifted their note of warning in the mild summer night was only a possible danger; but real indeed is the sentiment of defense which is growing from day to day in the nation.

Day by day preparations for war become a more intimate part of our lives. The time was—and not so long ago—when the sight of an airplane created a mild sensation in our streets; people gathered in little groups and stopped to stare. Nowadays the strident purr of the airplane has almost become one of the multitudinous sounds of the city. It is not yet quite familiar enough to lose itself in the unnoticed tumult of sounds which daily beat upon our ears without creating any response in the brain; but it calls forth neither surprise nor curiosity. One realizes that an airplane has passed, but goes about one's business with no particular interest in the matter.

This quaint frock of grey foulard spotted in blue was worn at the wedding of Miss Alexander and Lieutenant Rhinelander

One of the fascinating things about New York to-day is the insidious way in which its aspect is constantly changing. Without our realizing it there creeps in here and there this or that new phase which soon becomes a noticeable feature. Lately there has been a pronounced influx of visitors from South America, swarthy men and dark-haired sombre-eyed women. One notices them at the restaurants and in the streets; and in the shop-windows, along with the placards announcing early closings, appear with increasing frequency little notices bearing this phrase "Aqui se habla Español." These visitors have been a source of increased prosperity to the city, for the South American women are generous purchasers in the smart shops which now make a special effort to appeal to them.

AUTUMN PREPARATIONS IN THE SHOPS

In these shops, by the way, the bustle of preparations for autumn is already beginning. These activities are as a rule confined to the upper rooms of the establishment, well withdrawn from the observation of the shopper who drops in to buy this thing or that needed to replenish the summer wardrobe; but inquiry of an obliging salesman will as a rule produce a sprinkling of new things, speaking of the fashions which will dominate in the autumn.

One of the interesting hints in connection with autumn fashions is that which has to do with a new type of skirt. This skirt is in a subtle way reminiscent of the old-time bell skirt. So conservative is the flare at the bot-

(*Continued on page 88*)

Mrs. Philip Lydig wore this tortoise-shell comb with a smoke grey wrap at the concert given by Mrs. Benjamin Guinness

Mrs. James Lowell Putnam's unusual and very lovely scarf was of black and gold brocade banded with strips of fur

The Baroness de Meyer wore a band of black jet in silver hair and a wrap of unspotted ermine over a black jet gown

HURRY UP, WINTER, HERE ARE THE NEW FURS

Baron de Meyer

Broadtail is one of the best arguments in favour of winter. This time it's possessed of an ingenious collar that is draped and tucked under and allowed to fall down the back in one of those good-looking square panels

EVERY woman should know furs, and know them from the point of view of the furrier. Almost everyone has a general knowledge of furs, but very few women actually know what "Hudson seal," "para beaver," "blended mink," or "broadtail" really are.

In judging furs, three things must be taken into consideration: first, their intrinsic value as furs, considered from the point of view of their natural beauty, relative scarcity, and the art with which the skins are blended; second, their style as apparel; and last, but not least, their wearing qualities, which are, of course, of great importance to the average person.

Perhaps the thing for which one pays most is style, for in these days when fashions change as often for furs as they do for dresses, style is essential. It requires real art to drape furs so that the finished garment is attractive; but if the fur is valuable and has wearing qualities it can be remodelled from season to season.

NEXT WINTER'S FURS

A well-known furrier predicts that the rarest and most beautiful furs, such as sable, chinchilla, blue fox, and baby lamb or broadtail, will be worn this season. Such furs are for adornment, however, rather than for practical wear. A report from a London fur sale, on the other hand, speaks of the increased demand for very durable furs such as black, brown, and white bear for coats, blended mink for coats and evening wraps, and kolinsky and squirrel for scarfs and wraps and trimming. Musquash or muskrat is much used for coats and wraps, and most popular of all will be beaver and various forms of beaver such as nutria and para beaver.

Up and down skins give way to round and round skins as this mink wrap passes its equator

One of the latest revivals in the world of fur is natural caracul, late of the Far East, taupe grey, durable, and lending itself to a coatee with under-vest, circular cape, and draped collar; six designs by Stein and Blaine

At the upper right on this page is shown a coatee of natural caracul that buttons in front with fur buttons and ends in two points like a waistcoat. A draped collar fastens on each shoulder of the circular cape. This natural caracul is one of the smartest furs this season, and is both inexpensive and durable. The fur itself comes from the pelt of a kid from the Far East, and its natural colour is a taupe grey.

A BROADTAIL COAT

At the upper left on this page is shown a short coat in black broadtail for town wear. It is made on loose blouse lines with wide kimono sleeves and straight tight cuffs. Broadtail is a most expensive and delicate fur; it is sometimes called baby lamb, for it is the pelt of a still-born lamb from sheep of the Far East. It is dyed black, and finished so that it gives the effect of moire silk.

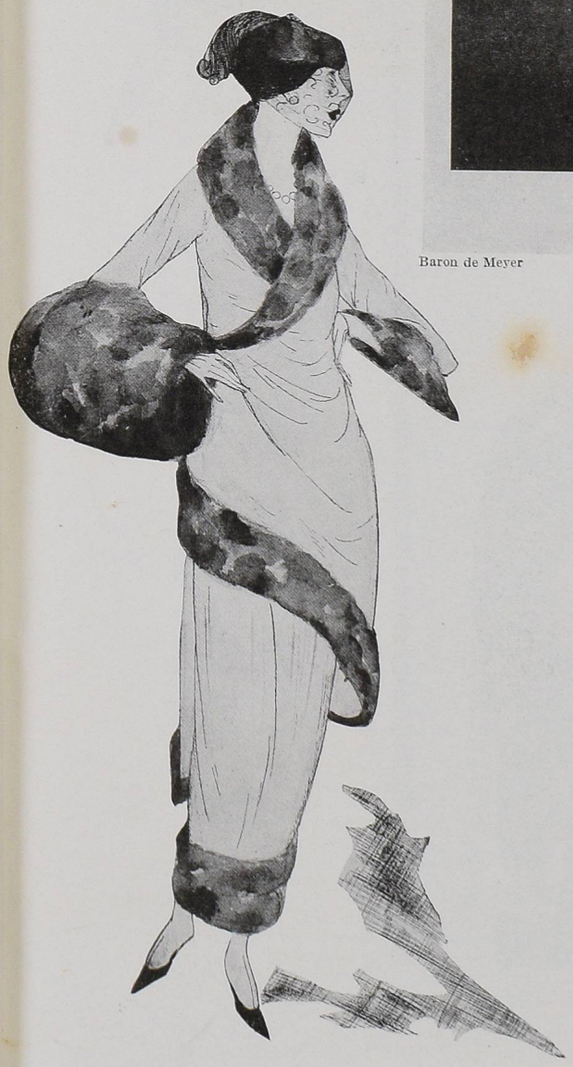
At the lower middle of this page is a wrap of blended mink made in two sections; the skins on the upper part run up and down, and on the lower part run around the figure. There are no sleeves, but openings for the arms are made at either side. A deep shawl collar is draped gracefully about the neck and fastened at either side with a loop and a large mink button. Mink is a natural American fur of the weasel family. The fur wrap at the upper middle of page 37 is a combination of Hudson seal and kolinsky. The wrap is new in line inasmuch as it is made in two sections, the top part forming a closely-fitting shoulder-cape from which swings a cir-

Baron de Meyer

PHOTOGRAPHS POSED BY
ALICE JOYCE

Can you imagine anything lovelier than peach coloured duvetyn and wide bands of mole getting together and calling themselves a coat? The uneven circular tunic, the ripples across the hip, the tight mole-banded skirt —one doesn't wonder that many forethoughtful women are going to wear these slim coats as dresses

It's hard to say whether this is a kolinsky coat trimmed with Hudson seal or a seal coat trimmed with kolinsky. The seal is used wherever the designer wants a soft and pliable skin, and where he wants depth and richness, he uses kolinsky. The coat buttons together at the hem at either side of the front and back



Time was when a fur coat was a fur coat. Nowadays it may be a tight-shouldered cape of Hudson seal with swinging circular skirt. It may also add an adorably wrinkly collar of kolinsky and a wide kolinsky band which may occur at almost any distance from the bottom of one's skirt

Slim Fur Coats and Clinging

Fur-Trimmed Coat-dresses

Are Stein and Blaine's Preparations against Winter

In Time of Heat Prepare for Fur, Advise These Balch Price Models, Subtle in Line, Sumptuous in Peltry

This fur coat has three things to recommend it—much mole, taupe fox, and an intriguing line in loose vest, circular skirt, and pointed cuffs. The collar has decided ideas as to shape and, while very wide at the sides, declines to burden the back of one's neck with overmuch fur

Alice Joyce, now starring in "To the Highest Bidder," here registers appreciation of those much maligned Russians. They may be responsible for bombs, and breadlines, and Bolsheviki, she says; but so long as they send us sable to make wraps, with straight front panels and wide tail-dripping sleeves, there's a certain amount to be said for them. Russian sables are rare, and perfect specimens are so rare as to be almost an accident of nature

Nothing could be newer, warmer, or more desirable than a surplice collar of beaver to fasten under one's black Hudson seal arms with two big seal buttons. The beaver cuffs, as one sees, are as big as grandmother's muff, and the slim tight coat is quite Empire in line

Baron de Meyer

Baron de Meyer

There isn't a bit of trimming to break the grey satin surface of this moleskin coat, tight-shouldered, straight from throat to hem, simple and lovely; five designs by Balch Price

All the little moles that make this coat run up and down except the ones in the band at the bottom, and they run round and round. The collar and the deep cuffs are of seal

cular skirt. There are no sleeves but openings have been made at either side for the arms. A wide band of the kolinsky borders the bottom of the coat and makes the collar. This combination of fur, although not new, is very popular this season.

One of the loveliest examples of fur-trimmed coats is shown in the sketch at the lower left on page 37. This garment is of peach coloured duvetyn trimmed with wide bands of mole. The style is distinctly new, and the uneven circular tunic ripples slightly across one hip and at the back, while the under part fits quite tightly and fastens at one side. The long tight sleeves of the material are finished with cuffs of mole.

COMBINATIONS OF FURS

In the sketch at the lower right on page 37 is shown a coat of Hudson seal and kolinsky. Shaped sections of the kolinsky form most of the skirt of the coat, and between these sections inverted triangles of seal are used. The sleeves and upper part of the coat are entirely of the seal while the deep shawl collar and wide turn-back cuffs are of the kolinsky. Hudson seal, which is really the back-bone of the fur trade, is a beautiful imitation of Alaska seal; the fur comes from the muskrat and is dyed and blended in various shades, or dyed the exact shade of the seal. It is almost as durable as Alaska seal, and is certainly less expensive. It is one of the most attractive and popular furs and known the world over. Kolinsky, which has been very popular for the last three or four seasons, comes from a small animal of the sable family. The natural shade of kolinsky is a deep orange blending into bright yellow, but it is dyed and finished to resemble the Russian or Siberian Crown sable which has been prohibitively rare and expensive in recent years. Many women are now able to afford "sable" furs in the form of kolinsky or marten, another member of the sable family.

MOLE AND FOX

A coat of especially interesting design is the one at the upper left on page 38. This is made of mole and trimmed with taupe fox. The skirt is long and slightly circular and the upper part of the garment is made with a loose vest cut with points in front. The odd buttons are flecked with turquoise and silver grey. The deep fox collar may be drawn close about the neck. The large cuffs run to a point at the elbow and are wide and circular at the wrist. Each season apparently adds to the popularity of mole, which is really rather an expensive fur, when one considers its wearing qualities. The mole is a small burrowing animal with a pelt of texture and quality much like seal. The ordinary fox pelts of various countries may be so dyed and dressed as to lend themselves to the production of our high grade imitations of cross, silver, and the natural black fox. These dyed furs surpass in elegance the products of foreign ateliers.

One of the newest fashions in furs is shown at the upper right on page 38. This coat, which combines black Hudson seal and beaver, is made on closely fitting Empire lines and buttons all the way down the front. It has deep set-in pockets finished with flaps of the seal; the large beaver collar crosses low over the bust and fastens under the arms with large seal buttons. This collar line gives a great deal of style to the coat and is something new in fur fashions. Deep cuffs of the beaver finish the long tight sleeves. Natural beaver is one of the smartest and most durable furs for the coming season, and is much used for fur capes, coats, and wraps as well as for trimming on fur or cloth coats. The beaver is a land and water animal common in northern countries. In preparing the skins for the market, the rough stiff hairs are removed, leaving only the silky under-fur.

The loveliest of all furs, and certainly the most luxurious, is Russian sable. The wrap at the lower middle of page 38 is made with a straight panel front, belted at the waist-line; from this panel runs a cape which ends in wide sleeves. This cape, as well as the panel, is finished with the tails and paws of the sable. The Russian and the Siberian Crown sable is extremely rare, and the perfect specimens are rarer still.

MOLE AND SEAL

Mole and Hudson seal make a smart combination for a young girl. The short box-coat at the upper right on this page is made of beautifully matched mole skins, and the round draped collar and deep cuffs are of seal. The coat buttons snugly about the neck and down the front, and a smart feature that adds much to the style of the garment is a band of mole at the bottom of the coat, with the stripes running in the opposite direction.

Nothing could be simpler or more lovely than the moleskin wrap at the upper left on this page. The shoulder lines are narrow and the wrap is made on straight old-fashioned lines from shoulder to hem. The openings at either side are finished with a double band of mole, and a mole scarf, finished with deep tassels of taupe silk cord, winds about the neck and hangs down the back.

SIMPLE LINES—BUT SIMPLY PARIS

The Boche Bomb Is Yet to Be Made That Can Destroy French Chic, French Spirit, Or French Humour, as Witness These Fashions and Nénette et Rintintin

WITH the advent of the warm summer days, the remembrance of the cruel winter bravely endured with little or no fuel has vanished into oblivion. Along boulevards and avenues the cafés are crowded, and during *apéritif* or coffee time one has difficulty in finding a vacant table on the *terrasses* outside. Red or white port and vermouth *citron* have taken the place of the defunct absinthe so dear to few Frenchmen and many foreigners.

The Bois never seemed so beautiful as it did one recent Sunday. Armenonville and the Pavillon Dauphine were packed with people rivaling one another for the possession of the tables. One might almost have been tempted to forget the war, were it not for the distant dull sound of an exploding bomb, now and again, and the impossibility of getting anything other than saccharine to sweeten one's demi-tasse. France never seemed so rich, nor the waiters so clever in placing male guests in the trying position of not being able to avoid ordering for the "dear eyes across the table" the most expensive dishes on the menu. A Sammy friend of mine hasn't quite recovered from paying twelve francs for nine unripe strawberries which "she lingered over with that look in her eyes that all women have when they know that they are doing something wicked."

The absence of the old time orchestra was less felt, thanks to the virtuosity of a passing accordionist,—a mere boy, blinded by a bullet at the Ypres affair; and the scarcity of the fashionable demi-mondaines of national repute was less noticeable because of the presence of the pretty mannequins who had come to enjoy the lovely sunny day and to try on the *permissionnaires* the effect of their new summer finery.

Every one is wearing the new little dangling mascots, Nénette and Rintintin. Friend greets friend with, "Have you a Nénette and Rintintin? If not, beware of bombs." Nénette and Rintintin are not, as uninitiated New Yorkers might think, a pair of Pekingese. They are two tiny persons made of multicoloured silk or woollen threads, held together by a cord, and worn as a necklace, tied to the handle of a cane or umbrella, hanging from a hand-bag, or carelessly wound around the crown of a hat, as a protection against Gothas, Berthas, and the like. We see them everywhere, looking extremely eccentric, in bright blue, violet, and red. Their bizarre hair is blue or red, like Cleopatra's. They have an air of gaiety which contrasts strangely with our frame of mind—an air of defiance toward the events of the moment.

CONCERNING THE BIRTH OF NÉNETTE

The origin of these little friends, according to the "*Carnet de la Semaine*," can be traced to Geneviève, a midinette at Paquin's, who one day rapidly constructed two little figures, one a male and the other a female, with some spare woollen threads, and jokingly named one after the nickname given her in the atelier, "Nénette," and the other "Rintintin," after Augustin, her youthful lover, the office assistant.

"Here are Nénette and Rintintin," said she, "my talisman against Gothas," and pinned them on her breast.

An hour later, all the girls in the house, and a week after, all Paris wore the dangling little personages.

Exquisite Paulette Duval, of the Théâtre des Capucines, once wore them on the stage. An aviator, charmed by their grace, and probably hypnotized by Duval's proverbial beauty, took a couple to the front, where their success among his fellow airmen was rapid and front-wide; a squadrilla has taken them as their insignia, I am told. This is how Nénette and Rintintin came to be king and queen of Paris, who owes them, as it owes many other admirable inventions, to a wee bit of a midinette.

At Paquin's, Monsieur Clément, whom I interviewed to authenticate the story, while he admitted that it might be true, intrenched himself behind a logical cautiousness. You see, Monsieur Clément is no doubt married and has children of his own; for him openly to admit to such an unreliable person as a journalist the paternity of two illegitimate children such as Nénette and Rintintin might have a disastrous effect on the peaceful character of his home.

This is Mlle. Nénette, who guards her wearer from Gothas and Berthas

My friend Verdier, the astronomer, assures me that in their occult world of mascots, our dangling friends' reputation far surpasses that of the out-of-date good luck four-leaved clover and miniature elephant. To them he attributes his recent narrow escape from an exploding bomb which pulverized a marble statue twenty feet from where he stood. But he writes: "Greater still is their power of protection when confectioned for you by two loving hands." Thus many a young damsel is seen neglecting her knitting to consecrate herself to the making of one or more little couples,—according to

CHÉRUIT

Miss Elsie de Wolfe wears white chiffon embroidered in silver and broadly sashed with silver cloth. The skirt is quaintly gathered and is longer in the back, forming a train

CHÉRUIT

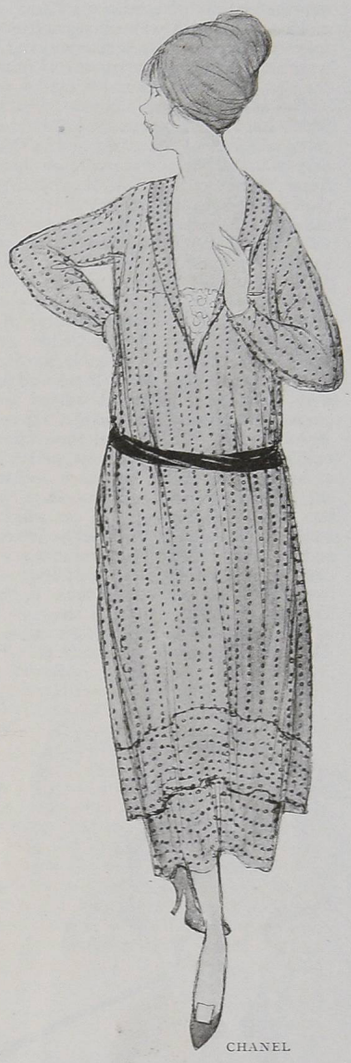
This old-blue crêpe de Chine coat, designed for Miss Anne Morgan, is embroidered with navy blue silk thread, geometrically around the bottom, and whimsically up one side

PREMET

Beige tussur of very stiff quality makes this demure frock, so characteristic of war-time Paris with its ruffled white organdie vest and the black taffeta ribbon on its collar and on its plain turned-back cuffs

Scéberger Frères

Lanvin takes black and white checked material for this straight frock, the pockets of which are trimmed with black and white bands



CHANEL

That one's frock may be low in tone and simple in line, without being in the least commonplace, Chanel asserts by means of black and white striped marquisette embroidered with tiny steel beads. The sash is of black satin

PREMET

Summer simply couldn't be done any more without foulard. This time it's black and white, with vague circles embroidered in white silk thread. The big ruffled collar is of white chiffon

the number of suitors she is hunting at the time.

But at all events, Mlle. Nénette has had no influence on Paris fashions. To be inconspicuous is the most desirable thing at present, when all the women, without exception, are wearing grey or brown or dark blue, the three dominant colours of the season. The whole gamut of brown is used, from the palest "blonde" to a shade called "ripe wheat." Greys vary from the pale smoke of a Turkish cigarette to the dark plume of a locomotive, and the most charming fantasies of the woman of taste are built on this foundation.

From the stockings and shoes to the hat, veil, and jewels, everything is studied in the most admirable detail. The plain very fine stockings match the costume exactly, and so do the shoes, which are more pointed than they have been for the last few seasons. The silhouette is still straight and slender, and, contrary to all expectations, shows no signs of changing by autumn.

Silk tricot is worn more and more, and as petticoats are worn less and less, the result may be imagined. Skirts are noticeably longer and therefore more graceful.

THE VOGUE FOR SILK TRICOT

Many dresses have immense square collars hanging in the back with silk tassels to match at each corner. In fact, there are so many of them that one doesn't even have to ask what they are made of—one just answers for one's self, "silk tricot," for you know as well as I do that this light soft silk tricot is the fad of the moment. There are some fashionable women, like Madame Henri Letellier, Madame de Segonzac, and Madame Arthur Meyer, who have four and five dresses of this material, all made alike, but in different colours, and with hats to match. Reboux recently made five hats just alike but in different colours for Madame Letellier: charmingly simple affairs with large flat brims and gathered crowns, not like bérets, but something newer, with an entirely different arrangement of the crown from anything we have had in the past. Never, it must be admitted, have Parisiennes, and all Frenchwomen, for that matter, been in such need of simplicity, and, to their praise be it said, they have no desire for anything else. They insist on losing none of their elegance, but they know how to adapt their tastes to the life they are obliged to lead, and there are really no occasions at present when magnificent toilettes could be worn. It would show a lack of tact to want them, and a still greater lack to wear them.

FANTASTIC IF NOT COLOURFUL

But will the scarcity of colour prevent all sorts of delightful fantasies from appearing? Certainly not. At Deauville, for instance, there was worn a creation from Lanvin, sketched on page 42, half of striped wool jersey and half of silk jersey. The skirt is certainly extremely original, turned up as it is, or rather as it seems to be, so that there are immense pockets at each side of the front. The dress was worn by young Mrs. Gould, and was as much admired as her hats, which are usually turbans of silk, worn becomingly low over her magnificent eyes. I saw Madame Trézel wearing the beautiful classic dress from Beer, sketched on page 42. At Aix-les-Bains there is a branch of the Place Vendôme establishment where Beer's clients may select the most charming summer dresses with-

out the trouble of writing to Paris. This one of black satin and white marquisette is beautifully cool, and very original with its buttoned waistcoat and its side-trimming of buttons, buttoning black on black, and white on white.

The silk embroidery, in two shades of blue, which Lanvin puts on some of her tussur dresses gives an effect of great elegance. This embroidery is usually in the shape of an apron, and a fringe of silk outlines the corsage. Several of these dresses have been worn at various weddings this last week. The Comtesse d'Haussonville, President of the society for aiding the wounded soldiers, married her granddaughter, Mlle. Le Marois, to the Comte d'Andlau. The marriage of the Vicomte de Maupeou and Mlle. Agnès Mallet was another wedding of interest; and at the château de Montredon, the Comte Jean Pastré and Mlle. Donble de Saint Lambert were married. At all these weddings there were numbers of beautiful women among the guests, and I noticed again the triumph of silk jersey dresses. But for the very hot days Gabrielle Chanel uses marquisette, which is as thin as handkerchief linen, but more brilliant. This she embroiders from top to bottom with very fine steel or jet beads. The one which she has made for Madame Henri Letellier is very simple and elegant; it is of black marquisette embroidered in steel beads, and striped black and white from top to bottom, on the tunic and the skirt. The collar with its simulated revers, is very low and the long sleeves are loose all the way down. This dress is sketched on page 41. The Marquise de Chabannes wore, at the wedding of Baron Roger, a dress of black gabardine trimmed at the neck and hem with a garland of flowers in "Académicien" green; her very original hat added to the charm of this costume, for it was a sort of tea-cosy of green silk, embroidered in black. Hats of this sort are draped and arranged according to the type of beauty of the wearer, and are consequently immensely becoming.

There is no question that the little hat is holding its own, but I have seen, since the hot days have come, a number of large shapes with very wide brims and big low crowns, trimmed with grey or beige feathers mingled with white. It is almost the English shape which is always so becoming and popular, in spite of changing fashions. The feathers are, as a rule, uncurled, like those which the Comtesse de Segonzac wore at a luncheon at her own house. Informal luncheons have become very much the thing, since it is difficult to get about in the evenings. The Princesse Murat wore a very pretty hat at a luncheon several days ago, a Louis XIII shape of silk, very much on one side as if weighed down by its long sweeping plume. But in mentioning all these large shapes, I must not forget to speak of the little street hat trimmed with grosgrain ribbon, which Reboux is making by the dozen. It is so much worn that one gets the impression that it is part of a uniform, but a uniform belonging to an officer of very high rank in a crack regiment. This hat is sketched on page 43.

LANVIN

This sports costume of white silk jersey has simulated a turned-up skirt of black and white wool jersey and added a woollen tam to match

LANVIN

To embroider a perfectly straight one-piece frock of tan tussur in two shades of blue and give it blue silk fringe, is one way of making Paris amusing even in war time

Séeberger Frères

"Tout Paris" wears silk tricot. This is a navy blue silver-embroidered example with its apron turned under, its sleeves short, and the fulness of its bodice folded under the arm

BEER

White marquisette and black satin, with attendant choruses of buttons to match, produce, under strictly Parisian summer management, this successful pleated costume

MARTIAL
ET ARMAND

CAROLINE REBOUX

Fine brown straw, brown grosgrain ribbon in simple loops—that's all. But it has been worn in varying colours by smart women, as expressing their attitude toward clothes

(Left) The cherries on her hat must be responsible for this gay red and white checked organdie frock trimmed with bands of the material and an elongated gilet of white organdie

(Right) Our little Parisienne doesn't mind being sketched backward in her white-embroidered black serge frock and big straw hat with black and white feathers curling from the crown

At a luncheon given by the Baroness d'Huart, an amusing custom was revived which is often seen in seaport towns among young women who have friends or relatives in the Navy. This custom consists in wearing the ribbon cap-band on which is printed the name of the destroyer or torpedo boat in which one happens to have an interest. For example, in peace times, when the Mediterranean fleet was anchored near Monte Carlo, numbers of charming persons who were spending the winter on the coast wore the ribbons of the various ships of the fleet. Madame d'Huart, when she received her friends, wore in her pretty dark hair the ribbon of the "Waldek Rousseau," the destroyer on which her husband sailed for eastern seas.

It is amusing to recall, in this connection, the idea of a very pretty woman, much sought after and admired by all the officers of the Mediterranean fleet several years ago, who wore the various ships' ribbons which had been given her all attached to her belt like so many châtelaines. But don't you agree with me that it is better to wear only one ribbon? It is so much less disconcerting to one's suitor.

THOSE WEEK-ENDS IN THE COUNTRY

The French manner of hair-dressing has been approved by the munition workers of London. The question of dress has been worrying our English friends, and a committee has just been appointed to look into any suggestions that might be made on the subject. Working women have adopted a blouse and trousers for factory wear, but outside of these hours they insist on expressing their feminine personality, and hats are a special problem; they must have becoming ones, they say. They will never be willing to go out without hats as the Frenchwomen of the working classes do, for they insist that only a Frenchwoman can do that because she knows exactly how to arrange her hair.

Now that the fine weather is here, Parisians have taken up the English custom of week-end visits. At Versailles and Saint Germain, large or small estates which are kept up all the year round offer a charming hospitality either for tea on Sunday or for a visit of twenty-four hours.

(Continued on page 87)

Occasionally Paris still marries in white satin, Malines lace, and tulle. The train and the bodice of tulle have the effect of being in one piece, and the Oriental girdle is of seed pearls

Mrs. William R. Garrison is one of the transportation agents who meet the incoming trains at the Paris stations when Red Cross units are arriving from America

Brown Brothers

Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, recently prominent in connection with the Third Liberty Loan Campaign and in the tableaux given for the benefit of the navy at the Metropolitan Opera House, attended the gymkhana wearing a sheer pale pink frock. Mrs. Perry Belmont, who is seen chatting with Mrs. Hoyt, is wearing a cape of black velours edged with monkey fur in deep bands

(Right) Captain Francesco Guardabassi, once upon a time a grand opera singer, later of Paris where he painted portraits, later still of the Italian Army, now of an important Italian Commission in New York, is seen establishing an entente cordiale with Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey's horse, who does not like airplanes

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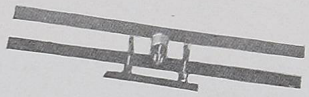
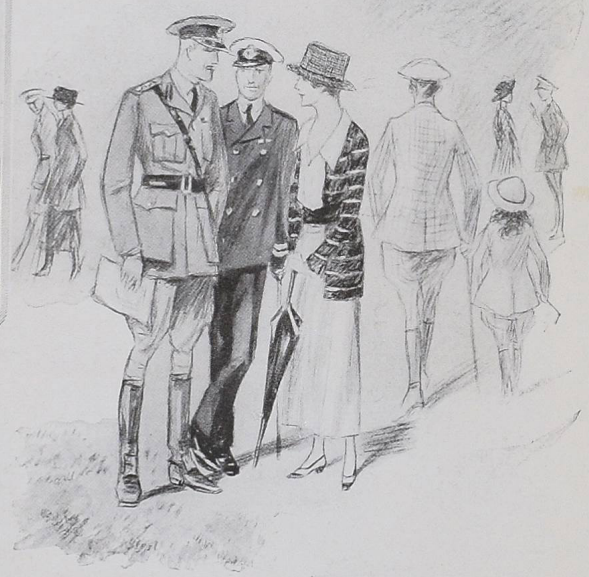
Brown Brothers

This is a picture of the bun-bobbing contest. The fact that the buns had jelly in them may not have added to the joys of the participants, but it added considerably to the amusement of the spectators





Mrs. A. Perry Osborne wore a sweater of black silk with horizontal white stripes over a white skirt and blouse. Her narrow-brimmed sailor hat was made of very fine black and white checked taffeta

Brown Brothers

Everyone turned his attention from the gymkhana events to the airplanes that purred their way around a blue field of their own. A big Italian Caproni, a small Spad scout plane, and a squadron of five battle planes were among the most popular visitors at the gymkhana

But not all the airplanes in all the sky could win the true horse lover's heart from the horses. What else, indeed, is a gymkhana made for?

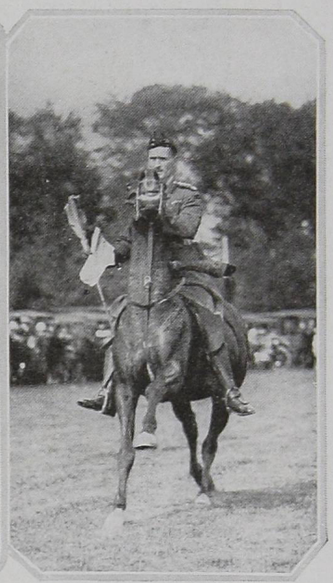
ALL NEW YORK ATTENDED THE GYMKHANA AT WESTBURY, LONG ISLAND, FOR THE BRITISH AND CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND FOR FAMILIES OF SOLDIERS RECRUITED IN THE UNITED STATES

Brown Brothers

Miss Abby Morrison was a milk-maid who collected money for the "Free Milk for France Fund"

© Central News Service

Reading from left to right: Mrs. Frederick P. Humphreys, Mrs. Morgan Belmont, Mrs. Dewees W. Dilworth, and Miss Helen Krech watched the events of the day from the inside lines



Edwin Levick

To Lieutenant-Colonel F. Fraser Hunter, D.S.O., was due much of the success of the gymkhana

Brown Brothers

One of the most exciting moments of the afternoon was the advance of the Kiltie band of the British and Canadian Recruiting Mission across the field, with every pipe in action. The only member of the audience who wasn't stirred to militaristic ardour was the "Free Milk for France" cow whose chariot appears just back of the right hand pipers

THE most brilliant and successful, as well as the most distinctly unusual of the open air events which have been given this season, was the gymkhana held on the estate of Captain John S. Phipps, at Westbury, Long Island, in aid of the British and Canadian Patriotic Fund for the wives and families of the recruits that have joined the British forces from the United States. The event was originally scheduled for June 22nd, but, owing to bad weather, was postponed until the 29th. On the second day which was set for the gymkhana, the weather started out by being exceedingly unpromising but later cleared up, so that during the actual events it was all that anyone could desire. The field was gaily decorated with the flags of the Allies, and an awninged tent in which tea was served added to the attractiveness of the scene which was laid in the polo-field of the estate.

A number of amusing events were scheduled, and some exceedingly clever horsemanship was evidenced. There was an orange and plate race, an international mounted tug-of-war in which teams of the four allied nations competed, pigsticking and bun-bobbing contests, and many like events. The feature event of the day was the gymkhana race in which the competitors lined up dismounted, with ponies bridled but not saddled; led the ponies to a certain point and saddled up; then mounted and rode to another point; dismounted and lighted a cigar; rode to another point, dismounted, and drank a bottle of soda water, consuming the entire contents; rode to another point, put on a night shirt, opened a parasol, and rode to finish. To qualify, competitors were obliged to cross the finishing line with ponies properly saddled, cigars lighted, night shirts on, and parasols over their heads. The spectacle presented by this race was most

(*Continued on page 80*)

Brown Brothers

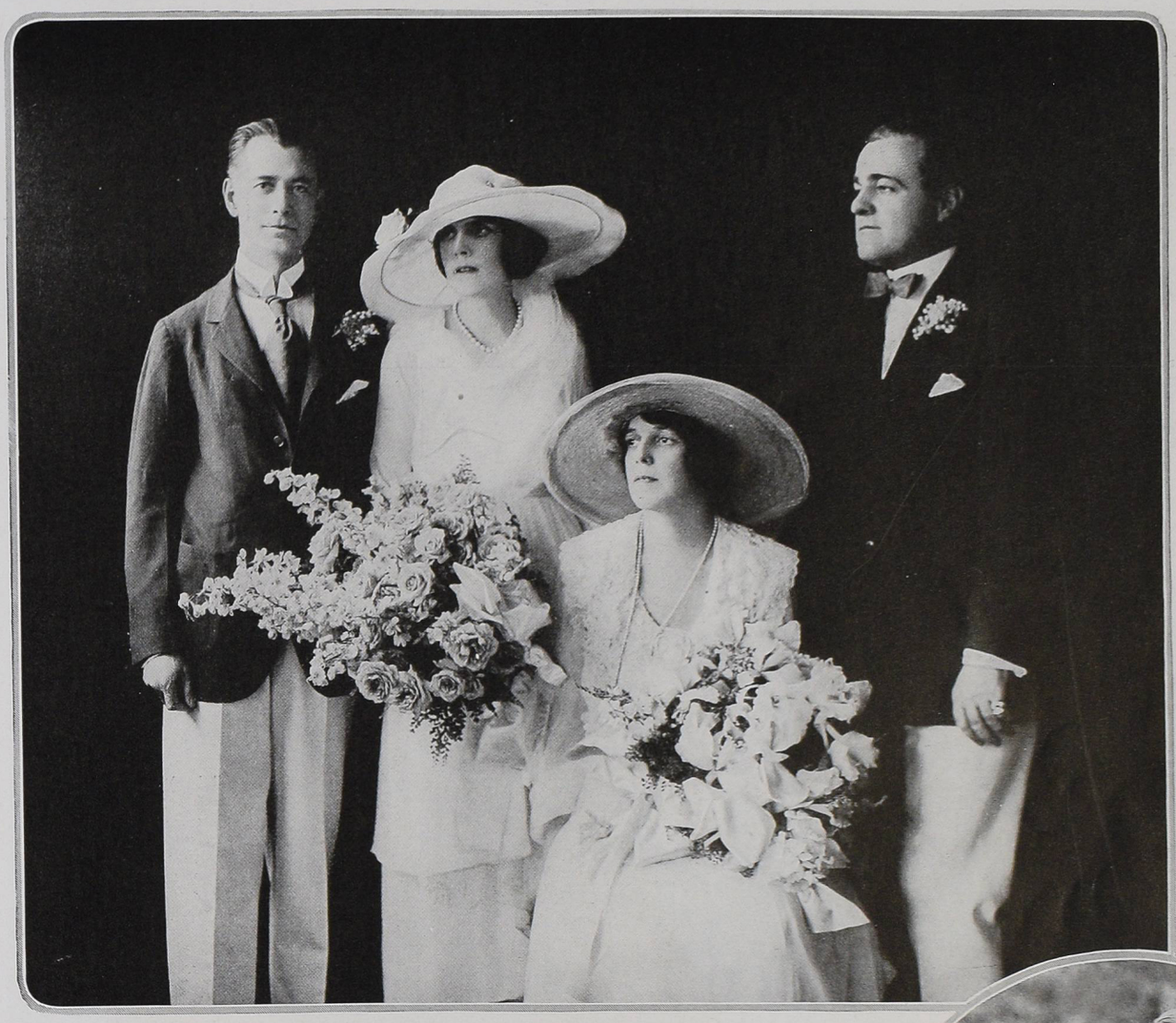
Mrs. Arthur Scott Burden wore an interesting frock of heavy white crêpe embroidered in dull red, with a belt of soft red leather, and a gay-flowered hat of loosely woven straws. Mrs. Burden is seen walking with Mr. Thomas Slidell

(Below) Gymkhanas of to-day are hard on the back of one's neck. Soon those gyrating airplanes will be responsible for a totally new type of camp-chair with an adjustable wadded head-rest to match one's gown or parasol

Charlotte Fairchild

MRS. OLIVER PERRIN

Mrs. Oliver Perrin, who before her marriage was Miss Winona King, is the wife of Captain Oliver Perrin, of the 304th Field Artillery, U. S. A., now in France. Mrs. Perrin is spending the summer at Newport. She took a prominent part in the tableau symbolizing the spirit of the Navy, called "The Ship of Liberty," in the Navy Festival held at the Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of June tenth



This photograph shows the wedding-party at the wedding of Mrs. Vanderbilt and Mr. Baker. The bride's only attendant was Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, and the best man was Senator Key Pittman. Mrs. Vanderbilt was given away by her father and preceded by her two little sons, Master Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt and Master George Vanderbilt. Mr. and Mrs. Baker are planning to spend the winter in Washington

THE WEDDING OF MRS. ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT AND MR. RAY BAKER, THE DIRECTOR OF THE UNITED STATES MINT, AT THE BRIDE'S HOME AT LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS

Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, the daughter of Captain Isaac E. Emerson, recently married Mr. Ray Baker, the son of Mr. George W. Baker. The wedding took place at the bride's home at Lenox, Massachusetts. Mr. Baker is Director of the United States Mint. Mrs. Vanderbilt wore a gown of pale pink chiffon, trimmed with Venetian lace, and a large hat of pale pink straw, faced with Georgette crêpe in the same shade and trimmed with deep pink velvet roses. She carried a bouquet of orchids arranged with maiden-hair ferns

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A dress of white charmeuse and heavy Georgette crêpe puts up a claim to be considered a suit when it is worn under a sleeveless jacket of white charmeuse. The dress, which buttons at the back and is made with a long-waisted line, has a top part of Georgette crêpe embroidered in white wool, and from a large medallion of white wool which marks the waist-line at the front, runs a belt of charmeuse which ties at the back. Outlined pockets at either side, and a row of covered buttons up the back, trim the straight box jacket. With this costume is worn an untrimmed Russian turban of white Georgette crêpe faced with white satin, which makes one feel that there is a good deal to be said for the poor Russians, after all

(Below) Blue serge and black satin have long been allies but they have used particularly effective tactics in this dress with the aid of the latest recruit to the cause of fashion — the long gilet. The waist is of blue serge, and the black satin skirt lies in soft open pleats. A wide black satin sash ties at the back and is finished with a deep black silk fringe. The gilet of cream coloured batiste is trimmed with rows of narrow Valenciennes lace and ends in a ruffle across the front below the tight-fitting bodice in that amusing way that the gilets of 1918 have with them

Maurice Goldberg

Maurice Goldberg

An afternoon dress of black satin, made on moyen âge lines, has an over-bodice of white organdie embroidered in white wool. The skirt is very long and lies in narrow open pleats. Black and white daisies trim the hat, which is almost completely veiled in black tulle, and medallions of daisies in green, white, and yellow wool on the front of the organdie bodice and the long sash ends suggest that one count petals to discover which Dolly sister is wearing this dress

(Above) A sports suit of corn yellow silk gabardine has a weakness for the military which finds expression in large patch pockets on its sleeveless coat and a belt of brown leather, fastened with a chain of brass links. The yellow leghorn hat is trimmed with chenille fringe, and bound with grosgrain ribbon

What is one gown's gilet is another one's apron and bib—it doesn't matter which it's called, the effect is much the same. In this case it is made of white chiffon cloth, like the wide draped shawl collar, and trimmed with tiny tucks and pearl buttons. The dress is of cocoa coloured silk serge, and its long straight lines are held in at the waist by a corded girdle of silk. The straight wide sleeves, finished with a turned-back cuff, show one of the newest tendencies for autumn

GOWNS FROM FRANCES

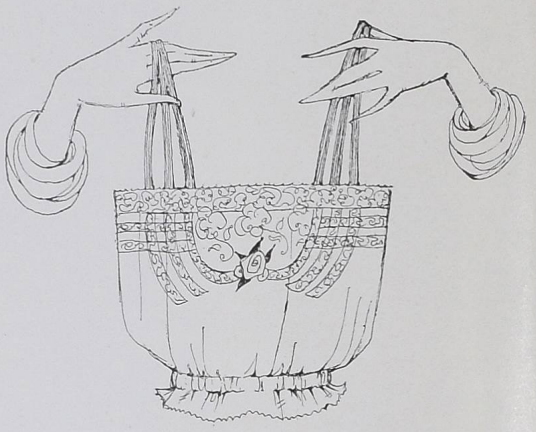
POSED BY THE DOLLY SISTERS

BETWEEN THE LINES OF THESE GOWNS ONE MAY READ VERY CLEARLY THE INDICATIONS OF THE COMING AUTUMN STYLES

Some materials go in for being utterly charming and call it a dress. For example, a dinner gown of pink faille and chiffon is trimmed with deep yellow lace, and the panels of pleated chiffon at either side are finished with wide bands of the lace and trimmed with ribbon embroidery done in blue bow-knots and yellow, cerise, Nile green, and lavender flowers. The soft girdle is of pink faille. The brim of the large hat is finished with an edging of black dotted lace, and a band of the lace is tied about the crown and ends in a bow in the back

DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

It's worth working hard all day winding bandages, to come home to a frivolous nightgown of flesh coloured satin, sleeved and yoked with pale cream net footing slightly shirred and held together by bands of narrow lace insertion



This little camisole votes for flesh coloured crêpe de Chine, fine white lace, a medallion of embroidered batiste, and triple shoulder straps of pink and blue satin ribbon that can't slip their moorings at an awkward moment

IN the days of starched frills and furbelows, when our grandmothers wore three white petticoats all at once over a flannel one, lingerie was very different from the pink and slim and clingsome thing we see to-day. It partook, quite naturally, of the ample lines of grandmother's frocks. Everything was of fine linen, yards and yards of it, elaborately embroidered and trimmed with much real lace. Strangely enough, when grandmother's eldest daughter took to tailored clothes and severe mannish lines, she still wore under-linen, or batiste perhaps, cut with a lavish hand, and burdened with much hand-sewn lace edging.

THAT SIMPLE TAILORED LINGERIE

When it came the turn of her fastidious granddaughter, however, she soon discovered how impractical and inconsistent this combination was. She saw that tailored outer-garments called for simplicity in the under-garments, and it was at this time that a recognized fashion of appropriateness in lingerie came into vogue. As clothes became more and more simple, this simplicity was reflected in simple and appropriate lingerie. But the present and perhaps final simplicity is not initially a feminine development at all. It came as a result of the war, and it is indeed interesting to notice the change that the wearing of uniforms and plain tailored clothes for war work has brought about in lingerie. It is more tailored than ever and has taken the name of athletic underwear. One sees it made up in such materials as nainsook, fine crêpe, or a soft but durable satin, and, most popular of all, Italian silk. The trimming consists of bands or pipings of silk, satin, or cotton material. This type of lingerie launders beautifully and without difficulty or effort; and the laundry question must, of course, be considered nowadays, with labour problems in every branch of work. Such garments are most appropriate for the tailor-made suit and the one-piece dress.

The sketch at the upper right on page 51 illustrates this type. It is shown in white crêpe bound with flesh coloured satin and trimmed with three tailored tiny bows of satin. It comes as a separate corset cover with drawers, or as a combination. And it enjoys the distinction of carrying a real invention. What woman does not have trouble with her shoulder straps —breaking away with the least movement and also fading out in the process of laundering? One of the most interesting features of this corset cover solves the problem. The shoulder straps button to the upper side, where the buttons slip through hand-made buttonholes. This is an excellent suggestion which could be easily carried out in the shoulder straps of any garment made on these lines. A pattern of this design may be had in size 36 for $1.50; other sizes, including a pinned pattern, $2; or it will be made to order for a reasonable price, according to size and material selected.

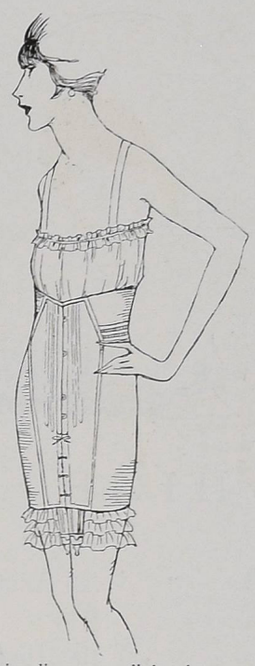
Another type of tailored garment is shown at the top of the group at the lower right of this page. It comes in fine white batiste bound with pale rose, old-blue, or white, in plain chemise, envelope chemise, drawers, and nightgown. The cut is the same in each case, with a princess line marked by a narrow band of the coloured material which is also used to make four buttons. The garment slips on over the head and is priced at $2.50. The plain chemise is $2.35, the drawers are $2.35, and the nightgown is $2.75. It comes in other materials, too, such as crêpe de Chine, ninon, and a wonderful quality of satin which is quite as soft as crêpe de Chine. These, of course, are more expensive, but reasonable when material and workmanship are considered. A nightgown that is on the lines of a nightshirt is shown just below in the same group. It is developed in fine white nainsook trimmed with real Valenciennes lace. It is a revival of the high necked and long sleeved model, and has deep slashes on either side of the narrow skirt. These slashes are outlined with Valenciennes lace which is also used on a band down the front. The fulness is gathered into a high round neck. A bow of pale rose satin ribbon is used at one side of the slit near the bottom. A special pattern of this will be cut on request in size 36 for $1, and in other

The war worker who wears a uniform or a simply cut tailored suit or one-piece dress will find this lingerie just what she needs

This hand-made batiste combination has rows of narrow footing and narrow Valenciennes lace with engaging shoulder straps of flesh coloured ribbon

The absence of lacing in front or back and the comfortable elastic sides of this misses' corset see the slim woman to the end of a hard-working day

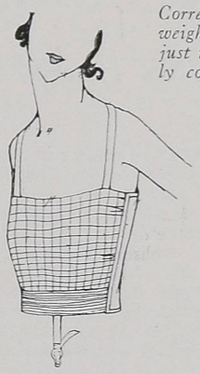
For the woman who is a little too stout for satin shoulder bands is this well-cut camisole in batiste or crêpe de Chine trimmed with fine lace or embroidery



Correct in line, yet light in weight, without lacing, boned in just the right places, this cleverly constructed corset is a boon to the war worker

This white crêpe combination, bound and bowed with flesh coloured satin, has convenient shoulder straps that button on to the bodice

sizes, $1.50. The pale pink satin camisole and bloomers, in the same group, are beautifully tailored yet trimmed in the most delightfully feminine way. The camisole slips on over the head and is held in at the waist with a rubber band. It is trimmed with tiny groups of tucks and narrow lace insertion; hand-made flowers of the satin are used as a finish to each group of tucks. The bloomers are closed and have ample material shirred into rubber bands at the top and bottom. They are priced at $10.50 and the camisole costs $7.50. These garments prove that one may have tailor-made lingerie without disregarding feminine touches entirely.



New in line and in material is this brassière of paraknit cloth, the special features of which are a comfortable "diaphragm strip" and shoulder straps of the material, warranted not to show

and, with filet lace, $15. A sketch is shown at the extreme left at the top of this page.

A camisole that is quite elaborate, yet on simplest lines, is shown on page 50. It is of flesh coloured crêpe de Chine and is trimmed with narrow bands of fine white lace, beautifully and simply worked across the top. At the front there is a medallion of fine white embroidered batiste and a hand-made flower of the crêpe de Chine. The shoulder straps of this camisole have three narrow ribbons of double-faced satin in pale blue and pink which are held together at the top. A camisole in this fashion is most

(*Continued on page 86*)

For the woman who does war work in severe uniform or tailored clothes, it is a relief indeed to slip into a nightgown that is truly frivolous. One in flesh coloured satin crêpe trimmed with net footing in a pale cream shade, slightly shirred, and held together by narrow lace insertion, is an inexpensive luxury. Whereas this gown is cut on the simplest of lines, the design gives it an air of distinction. The shirred net runs in a circular piece across the top of the shoulders and in under the arms, and a straight piece is used across the back and front. Tiny tucks hold the fulness in place beneath this straight band. It is priced at $19.75 and sketched at the upper left on page 50.

A new hand-made combination in the finest of silk materials is patterned after a child's rompers on the lines of an envelope chemise but without the buttoning arrangement. It has wide openings at either side and is also shown in white batiste trimmed with rows of narrow footing and narrow Valenciennes lace. This trimming occurs at the top of the garment as well as at the openings at either side. Flesh coloured ribbons are used for the shoulder straps. Price, $8.50 in batiste; in silk, $12.50;

A flesh coloured crêpe de Chine negligée dripping narrow fluted ruffles of white net run with cross bands of Valenciennes lace adds pink satin ribbons and an attractive price

One of the loveliest of robes d'intérieur is in dark red duvetyn lined with orchid pink crêpe de Chine. Its softly draped outline needs nothing but two big red Chinese tassels

The clever little yellow man of the Far East has brought his wares across the Pacific and into the shops of Fifth Avenue to replace the European goods that are no more

THE HIGH COST OF DRESSING

An Answer to Some of the Questions Which the Increased Price of Things Will Make a Woman Ask Herself and Other People

ONCE upon a time there existed a popular superstition that one of the greatest charms of woman lay in the things that she did not know. As a matter of fact, it was only a superstition, and the women who really amounted to anything in those times, as in these, were exceedingly well posted on matters general and particular. The superstition, however, had its effect—as superstitions always do—on the great rank and file of not over-clever people, and relics of this curious belief were still to be come upon, before this war, in more or less isolated parts of the country. But of late, whatever remnants of this mid-Victorianism still existed have been effectively destroyed. To-day a woman can not do too much, and certainly she can not know too much.

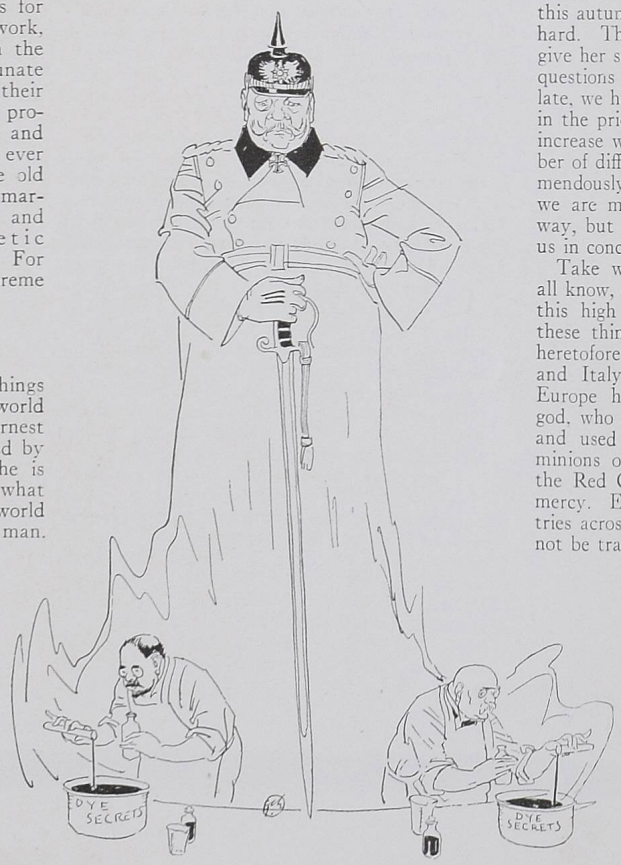
This state of affairs has brought about a curious revolution in society. Angular maiden aunts who were once viewed with amiable tolerance by the remainder of the household, have suddenly, by the exhibition of a latent genius for organization in canteen or other relief work, risen to a position of envied authority in the family and in the community. Unfortunate older daughters who have brought grief to their ambitious mothers by being built with the proportions of a square instead of a rectangle and who have been hopelessly debarred from ever achieving a worth-while success under the old régime, have suddenly proved themselves marvelously adept at nursing—to the envy and admiration of their formerly sympathetic mothers and patronizing younger sisters. For expertness in war work is now the supreme ambition of womankind.

THIS IS NO TIME FOR THE INGÉNUE

The world always values highest the things that it needs most, and the thing that the world needs to-day is not decoration but earnest workers. Therefore, woman is being judged by a sterner standard than in the past. She is being judged, not by what she is, but by what she can do—the standard by which the world has always placed its valuation upon man.

To work wisely and well, a woman must know a very great deal. This applies not merely to war work, but to practically everything else in which woman is interested. She can not, for instance, begin her autumn shopping wisely without knowing much more about the making and selling of goods than she has ever needed to know before. This season, shopping is to be a matter of far more serious import than in the past, and for two reasons: first, people are considering expenditures more carefully than in the past, and secondly, the expenditures for each individual item will necessarily be much greater. War has been intimately associated with our daily lives for so long that to speak of its affecting the things that we wear or use is, of course, a platitude. One can not, for instance, go to purchase teaspoons without being reminded by the enterprising salesman that now is an exceedingly opportune moment for the purchase of plated ware, because of the fact that one of the oldest and best established houses devoted to the making of this kind of merchandise, has, owing to the shortage of labour, discontinued the making of certain patterns and that these discontinued styles may be purchased at a great bargain—a thing which has seldom if ever happened before in the annals of this conservative old house.

War has laid its mailed hand upon everything in the world, from the most ponderous vehicles of transportation to the delicate bits of lace on a woman's garment. It has taken this world-wide turmoil to bring to light the romance which lies in a spool of thread and the intimate manner in which the destiny of nations is written on a wisp of embroidery. The woman who sets out to do her shopping along Fifth Avenue may read the story of the tragedy of Belgium, of the heroism of France, of the effort America has made to meet the tremendous demand for creative work, of the clever enterprise of Japan,—all from the variety of things which are shown in the windows or presented to her notice by a pretty mannequin.



Between one dye worker and another glittered the sword of German militarism, and thus were German dye secrets jealously guarded

WHEN MARS TOOK SHIP

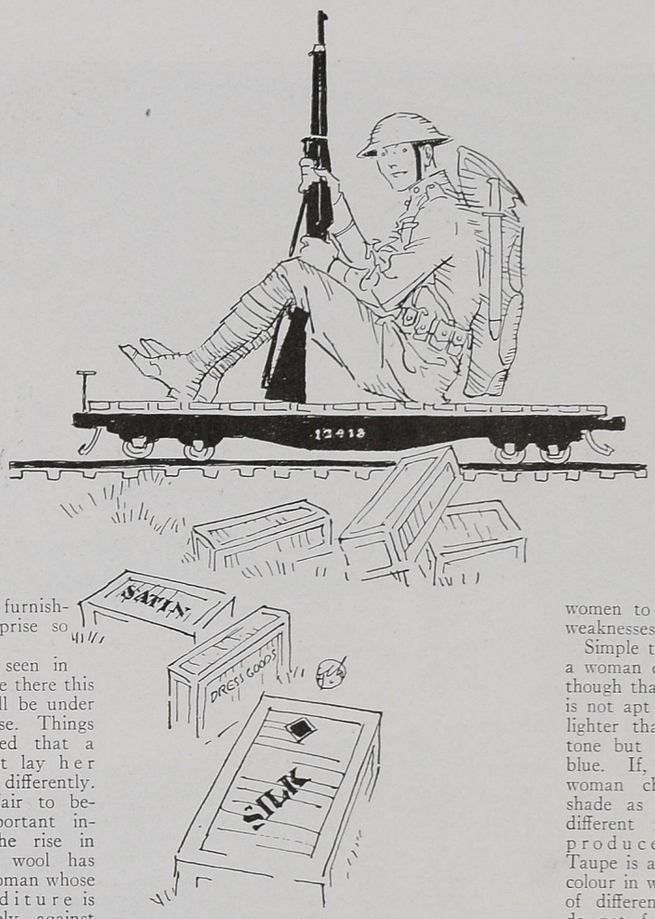
The woman who sets out to buy anything this autumn will be made to think and to think hard. The price of things, to begin with, will give her such a shock that she will begin asking questions of herself and everybody else. Of late, we have become accustomed to an increase in the price of everything, but this autumn the increase will be far greater. There are a number of different factors which enter into the tremendously increased cost of things, all of which we are more or less familiar with in a vague way, but which have seldom been presented to us in concrete form.

Take women's clothes for example. As we all know, one of the most important reasons for this high cost and the difficulty of obtaining these things is that all the liners which have heretofore brought pretty things from France and Italy, Spain and the other countries of Europe have been appropriated by the war god, who has camouflaged them in gay colours and used them for the transportation of his minions or painted them with the insignia of the Red Cross and made them into vessels of mercy. Even such things as the stricken countries across the waters are able to produce, can not be transported here. Such raw materials as are still available in Europe must remain there, and America must plod along as best she can without them.

America, however, is a wonderful country. Almost every kind of climate is to be found here, and, in consequence, almost every kind of product can be grown here, though, of course, in many instances our resources are just beginning to be cultivated. However, these resources, as fast as they can be developed, are being taken over in a large measure by the same war god. American factories are busier than they have ever been before, but a very small part of their time is given to making the things that a pretty woman would want to wear—that

is, if it were not war time. The great looms of America are weaving day and night, but they are not making gay silks and soft-toned wools. The silk mills are weaving a great part of the time, at least, silk for powder bags, and the looms which produced wool stuffs are manufacturing cloth for uniforms. Drill for the Navy and khaki for the Army usurp a great portion of the products of the cotton looms, and so little flax is now being grown that it seems as though linen would soon be a thing of the past.

The shortage of which the shops complain is a very real thing, based on actual conditions which a little consideration will explain. It is practically impossible to send even such things as can be made, from one part of the country to another. Any one who has traveled recently on our railroads has noticed the long trains of khaki-clad soldiers that pass at every junction. These soldiers have literally crowded off the railroads the shoes and dress goods and trinkets and household furnishings which in ordinary times comprise so great a part of their freight.



The man in khaki has crowded dress goods and trinkets and furnishings off the railroads

Many things which are usually seen in the shops on Fifth Avenue will not be there this season, and those that are there will be under a different guise. Things are so changed that a woman must lay her plans quite differently. Clothes bid fair to become an important investment. The rise in the price of wool has brought the woman whose dress expenditure is limited squarely against the problem of whether to buy an all-wool suit or one in which there is a mixture of some other stuff. No woman is going to get the same thing, at the price for which she had it before. She must decide whether she shall pay more for the same thing or accept an inferior article at the customary price. It is, of course, always wisest to buy an all-wool garment. It wears better, looks better, and in the long run costs less than one which is made of a mixture of materials. It is far better to sacrifice the number of garments to the quality, and it is wise to give the most careful thought to the purchase of the things which one does buy.

One's friends will probably demand invitations to one's autumn fittings

A very important consideration is that of colour. A woman's dress or suit must be of a shade which is approximately fast if it is to give satisfaction for any length of time. Since the opening of the war, the question of dyes has been a very serious one. Up to the time that Germany went to war with the world, practically every piece of material made in America or elsewhere was dipped in German dye before it was used. Germany held the dye secrets of the world. The work was practically all done in one small German community, and it was supervised by the government. The autocratic conditions which applied to many phases of German life, applied to this one, as well, and though the dye industry was carried on by father and son from generation to generation, very few of the men who participated in the dyeing were initiated into the secret means by which results were produced. One man did one small part of the dyeing all his life and had no knowledge of the other chemical processes.

At the opening of the war, the market was thrown almost into a panic with the cutting off of these German dyes; for a while it appeared as though womankind must go about in the dreary monotony of undyed stuff. American ingenuity, however, got to work; American brains and business ability squarely faced the problem; and in the short time that has passed since the entrance of this country into the conflict, a splendid dye industry has been built up. Now many shades may be dyed here as effectively and with as lastingly good results as were accomplished in Germany prior to the breaking off of our relations with that country. It is only a question of time when America will achieve a proficiency equal to that of Germany in the science of dyeing, but until that time it is well for American women to be thoroughly acquainted with the weaknesses of our dye industries.

Simple tones are the safest tones to buy. If a woman chooses a dark blue for a suit, even though that blue should fade a little, the effect is not apt to be bad. The blue may be a bit lighter than the original tone but it will still be blue. If, however, a woman chooses such a shade as taupe, a very different result will be produced by fading. Taupe is a composite colour in which a number of different tones which do not fade with equal rapidity are used. For instance, all the blue may fade out of the taupe and, since the colour was originally mixed with this blue in it, the result may be extremely unsightly. The woman, therefore, who is purchasing a suit for lasting purposes should avoid this shade and all such intermediate shades as squirrel and suède and the like. Queer shades of blue and green should also be avoided, as should almost all purples. However, standard greens and browns and, though one would scarcely expect it, terra cotta tones, are safe. The woman who has a liking for dark red and to whom this colour is becoming may safely indulge her penchant.

We can't even be "on our uppers" in these days of so fabulous leather prices

One very important thing the war has done

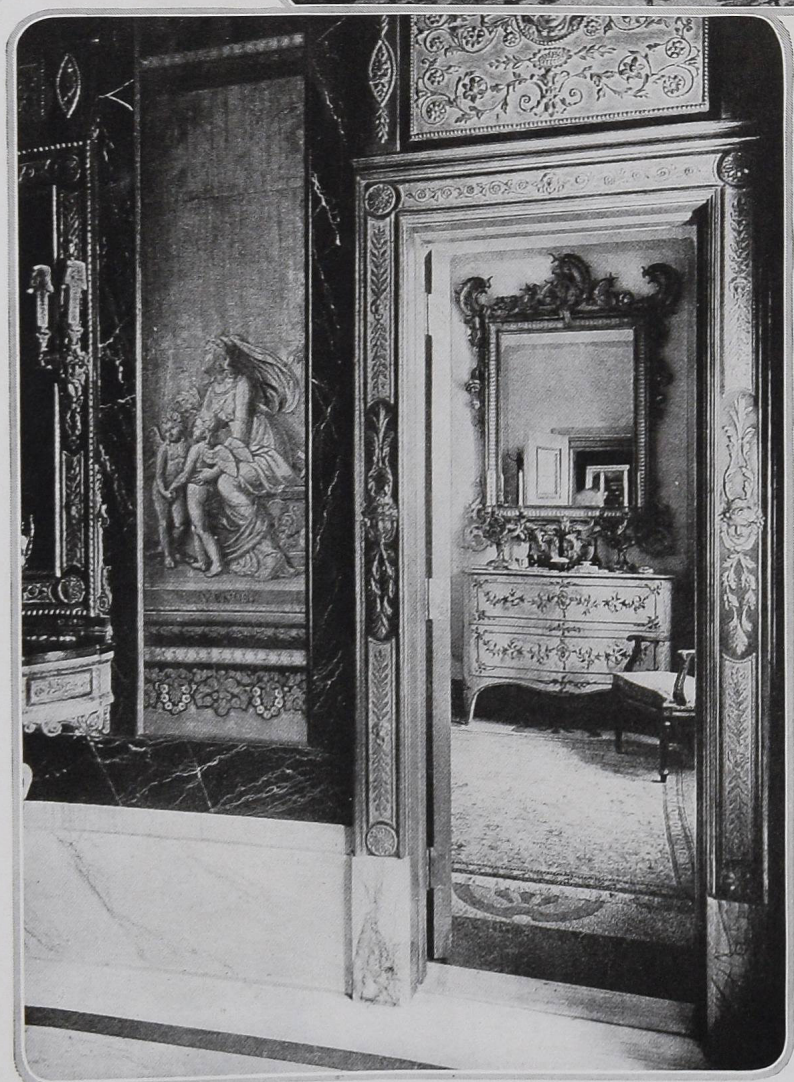
(*Continued on page 85*)

Old Mars simply can't get enough of them—big fast liners that used to carry English tweeds and Paris frocks. He gives them all new coats, and new guns, and new cargoes—well men Franceward, and sick men home again

Uncrowded and dignified in spite of its motley is Paul Chalfin's dining-room which has pale biscuit coloured marbleized walls against which Italian furniture is used. The huge console below the Italian wood-carving is a decorative makeshift: two fine supports hold a long slab of imitation marble. Old gilt mirrors, heavy damask curtains in the doorways, and a very beautiful Aubusson carpet complete the lavish gaiety

In this room in the Deering house the architect and decorator have practised the principle of "mixing things up." Carved door-frames and console mirrors are subordinated to marbleized walls

There is more joy in the delicate pilasters and marbleized columns of the entrance hall in Amos Lawrence's little summer shop in Magnolia than in much real marble. The walls are done in marbleized wall-paper



Mattie Edwards Hewitt

PRETENCE IN DECORATION

Which Does It Indicate And Express: Decadence Or Creative Imagination?

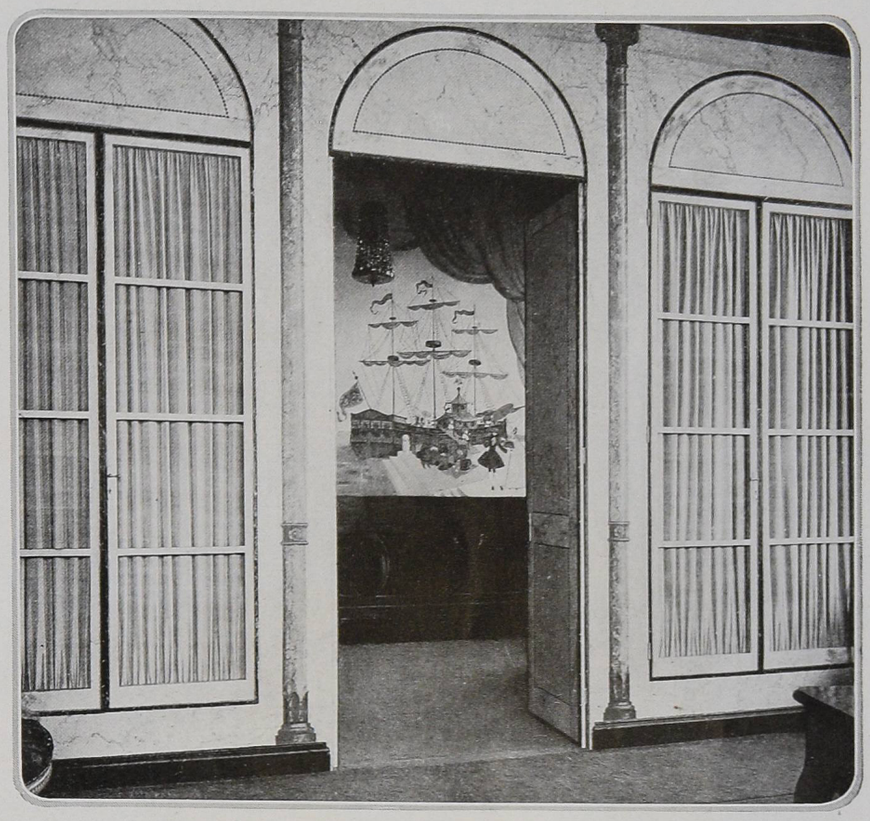
By RUBY ROSS GOODNOW

THE architect and the decorator, friendly enemies in a contested field, are arguing warmly about the trend of modern taste. The architect contends that the modern tendency towards pretence is an indication of decadence. The decorator believes that this tendency is toward intelligent selection of anything from any period,—a pleasant period of excellent makeshift, of playful experiment.

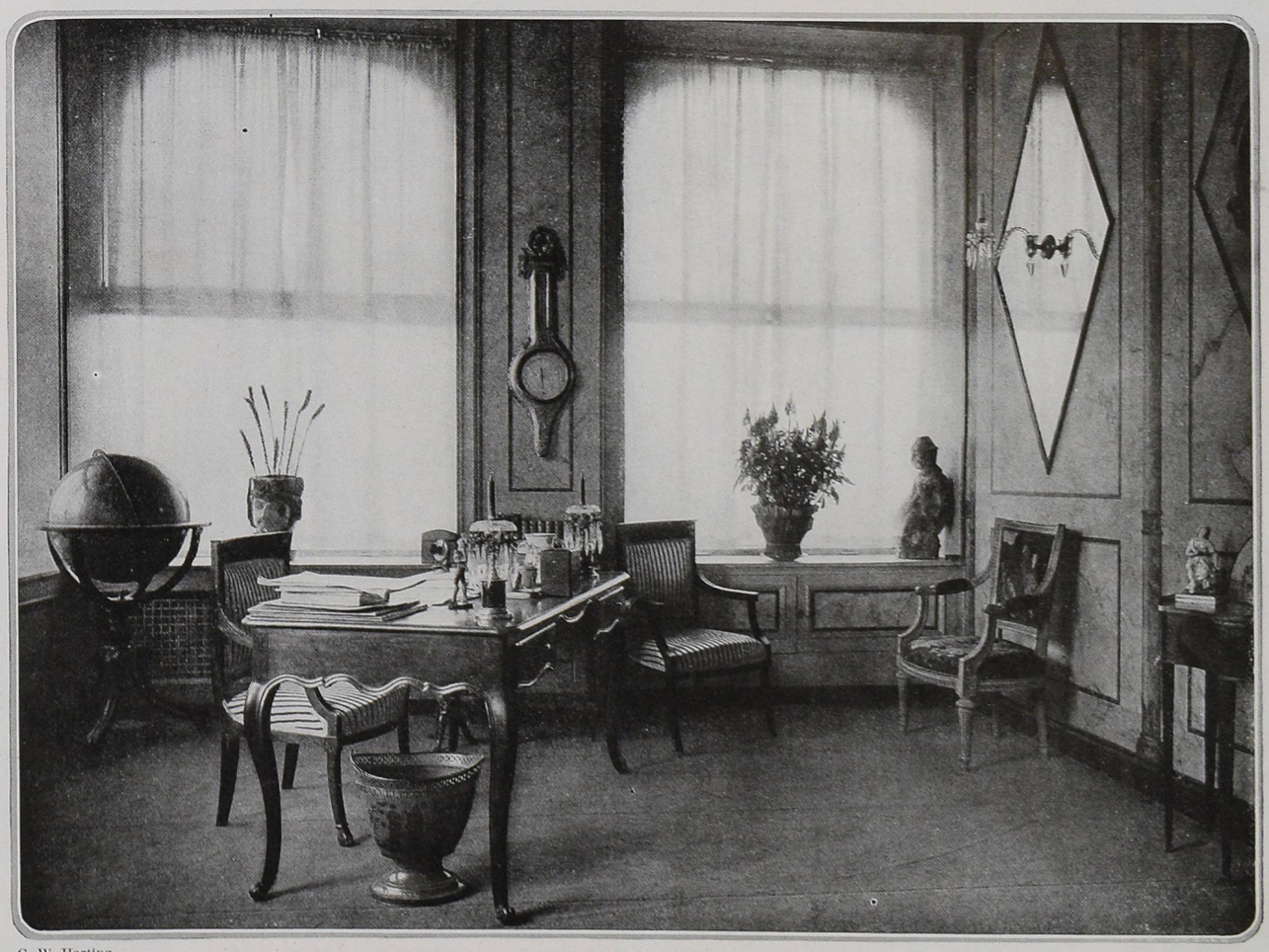
"The ancients have done all the finest things," says the decorator, "and it is our duty to play with them, to adapt them, to go to them for inspiration, to mix them up. This is not the particular stage of civilization when an artisan is going through the agonies which will lead to the production of a saltcellar equal to one by Cellini. And even if such an object of art were produced, the man who paid for it would put it in a cabinet or a museum. He would not select it for his table."

"But he should use it for his table," said the architect. "Wealth should express itself shamelessly, magnificently, just as any other very definite condition should express itself suitably. Poverty is charming in white muslin and red geraniums and rush-bottom chairs, but wealth should not seek to hide itself. Not half a dozen houses on Fifth Avenue are suggestive of their

(*Continued on page 89*)



An example of the pleasure which may be given by artifice is this room in which half a dozen marbles are cleverly imitated

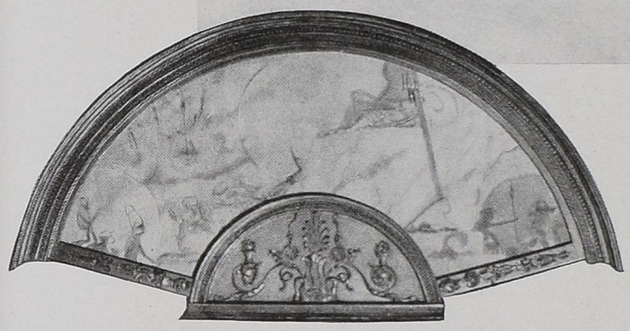


G. W. Harting

In this room, pale pink marbleized walls, tall lapis lazuli pilasters with gold caps, a malachite green cornice, and a black baseboard intrigue one with their charming pretence

Baron de Meyer

When Mrs. O'Kane Conwell designed the "Prunella" costumes, and frocked Doris Keane for "Romance" and Ethel Barrymore for "The Lady of the Camellias," she didn't exhaust all her colour magic. In fact, if she hadn't had this fascinating studio to work in—also designed by herself—there mightn't have been any fairy frocks at all. Even a commonplace person might have at least one inspiration if she were allowed to sit in a brilliant peacock blue chair with her back against a cunning little black pillow edged in blue with a line of purple wool and a gay nosegay of vivid flowers in the centre. The carpet is black velvet, the background is all soft yellows shading into orange, the curtains are peacock blue chiffon with a silk valance to match, the little glass curtains are striped in yellow, violet, and magenta. No wonder there are birds and flowers. One couldn't keep them out of such a room. The side lights in this place of sunshine and deep sea have blue crystal beads strung in festoons on a simple shade. The effect is easy to get and quite mystically lovely



Following Charles Condor, Mrs. Conwell takes advantage of the delightful opportunities offered by the lovely outline of a fan for play of fancy and harmony of colour. This fan, done in exquisite shades of blue and green, depicts some legendary queen dreaming in the blue night, while her attendants are grouped about her on the enormous steps leading to her throne

Pierrot and Prunella, their own moonlight, red-rose selves, are painted on silk, mounted flat under glass, and enclosed in a frame of gold or coloured wood to make this decorative fan which may be used as a spot of colour on a wall, or, combined with other delicate bits of artistry, in a charming group

MRS. O'KANE CONWELL DESIGNS FANS AND FURNITURE AS LOVELY AS THE GOSSAMER COSTUMES SHE MADE FOR "PRUNELLA"

Baron de Meyer

Who wouldn't forswear Edison and all his works at sight of this bell pull of yellow repp, edged in black, with a wool flower motif and a most useless and appropriate tassel? These bell pulls are made in various designs and colours

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

A Few Pertinent Questions on the Fascinating Subject of Interior Decoration

MISS J. S.—What original colour scheme would be suitable for the dining-room and living-room in a New York apartment? The present panelled walls are the usual cream and rather banal. The furniture is Empire mahogany. What material is best for covering this and also for covering over-stuffed chairs? Please suggest something smart for the bedroom, as well.

Ans.—The living-room of the apartment might be painted an elusive robin's egg blue. With this it would be attractive to use a mulberry and gold striped fabric on the Empire furniture and a plain gold colour fabric on the over-stuffed chairs. There is a very good bure, fifty inches wide, which comes in gold colour, and a heavy striped satin which comes in the same width. It would be interesting to use the striped satin for outer curtains, as well, and thin gold colour gauze curtains bound in a narrow mauve satin ribbon, for glass curtains. For the rug, we would suggest a plain sand colour Wilton seamless carpet. Interesting touches of black lacquer shades in an Empire design on suitable lamps, and one or two cushions in robin's egg blue taffeta, would complete the room. For the dining-room, we would suggest that the walls be painted an oyster grey with a deeper grey tone rubbed into the mouldings. With this a chintz of Empire design with quaint figures in a blue and green medallion on a yellow ground, would be very charming. This might be used for the chair coverings, as well as for the valances at the windows, with curtains of plain green casement cloth with a wide hem. These have the advantage of obviating the necessity for shades, and no other curtains need be used with them, excepting possibly a cream colour net. A mignonette green Seminole rug would go very well with this plan. A thin oyster grey china silk, exactly the colour of the walls, could be used at the glass doors leading from the dining-room into the living-room and from the living-room into the hall. In the bedroom, it would be interesting to carry out a delightful plan which has been used most effectively. The walls are biscuit colour, of mellow tone. The curtains are in peacock blue taffeta with a fluted ruffle. A "*toile de guerre*" chintz covers the *chaise longue* and some of the furniture, while a long flat cushion on the bed and the bed-cover are made of the peacock blue taffeta. The tones of the tri-colour in the chintz are carried out in the small objects about the room, including lamp shades in a deep rose tone.

Mrs. G. W. F.—In an old-fashioned country house, what is a suitable treatment for a guest-room? It is necessary to use wall-paper, and the woodwork is ivory colour and can not be changed. The furniture is ivory colour with a line of green. It is desirable to have the suggestions as inexpensive as possible.

Ans.—For the walls of the guest-room, there comes a simple inexpensive flowered paper with a cream ground, which is charming. The flowers are salmon colour, blue, and green. With this it would be attractive to use a dotted net ruffled curtain at the windows, with the dot in the salmon colour. This net comes in a variety of colourings and is quite inexpensive and effec-

(*Continued on page 83*)

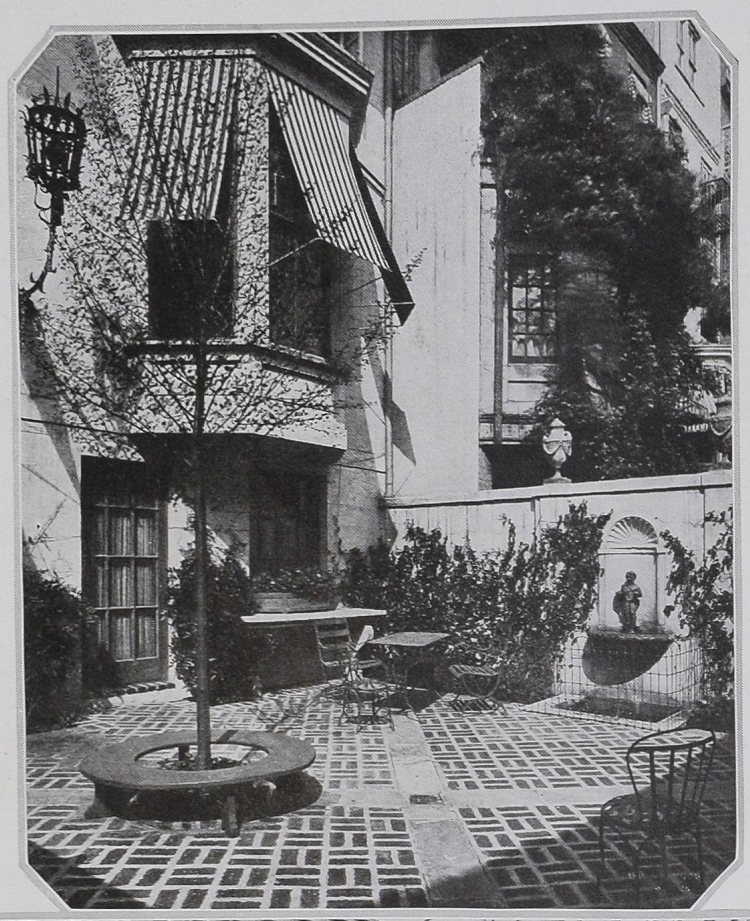
A NEW YORK HOUSE *which is* TRULY ITALIAN

MRS. LEONARD THOMAS, who, under the pen name of "Michael Strange," is well-known as a poet, has expressed her interesting and magnetic personality in her house on Sixty-third Street, which has been redone by F. Burrall Hoffman, Jr., in the Italian manner. This house has been fortunate in its owners, for it formerly belonged to Mr. Frederick Sterner, who developed in it some of his interesting ideas and so started it on its career of artistic fame.

A visitor to the house of "Michael Strange" naturally expects to see something unusually artistic; and these expectations are more than realized, for at the very threshold of the cool quiet hallway a sense of enchantment and mystery, far removed from the usual banal atmosphere of the ordinary New York house, comes over one.

A long picturesque corridor covered with a tiled roof leads from the main portion of the house to the living-room. This corridor, which is shown on this page, runs along one side of a wide open courtyard and gives almost the feeling that the house has been built around a patio; the sense of seclusion and privacy thus gained is invaluable. The living-room, shown in the upper photograph on page 60, is unusually long, and is distinctly Italian in spirit; the high vaulted ceiling and walls are done in buff coloured plaster, and there is no hint of ornamentation, except in the delicate polychrome of the corbels. Against this characteristically austere background the *objets d'art* and the brilliant colourings of the exquisitely chosen stuffs show to the greatest advantage. Candle-light is used almost entirely, with the exception of a few lamps with flame coloured shades. The central chandelier of fifteenth century wrought iron holds a myriad of soft yellow tapers. Against one wall, as may be seen from the upper left hand photograph on page 59, hangs a fourteenth century Flemish tapestry of

(*Continued on page 92*)



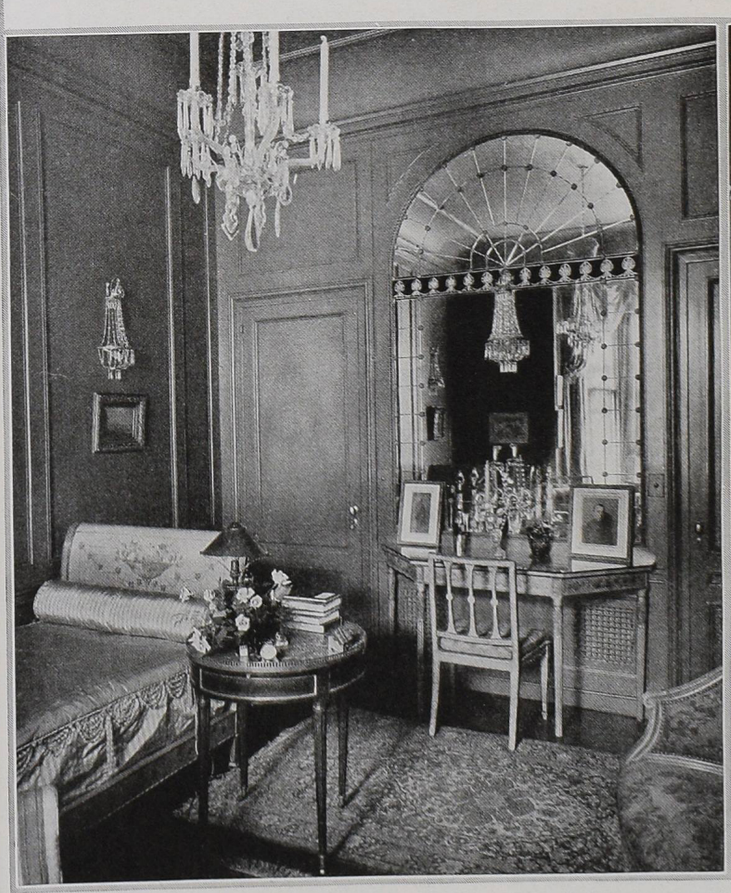
(*Right*) *Very far from crowded dusty New York seems this courtyard with its ivy-covered stucco wall, its gay striped awnings, decorative Florentine lantern, and quaint iron furniture*

(*Below*) *That Italy may bloom in the midst of New York is proved by this beautiful arched doorway with a grilled iron door leading to the living-room, which opens off the long corridor*

Wurts Brothers

At one end of the living-room a Madonna and Child by Bernardino Luini hangs against the austere plaster wall between two tall Venetian lanterns with flame coloured lights

All sunshine or moonlight becomes Italian when it falls on the bricks of this long brick-paved corridor which leads from the main part of the house to the Italian living-room



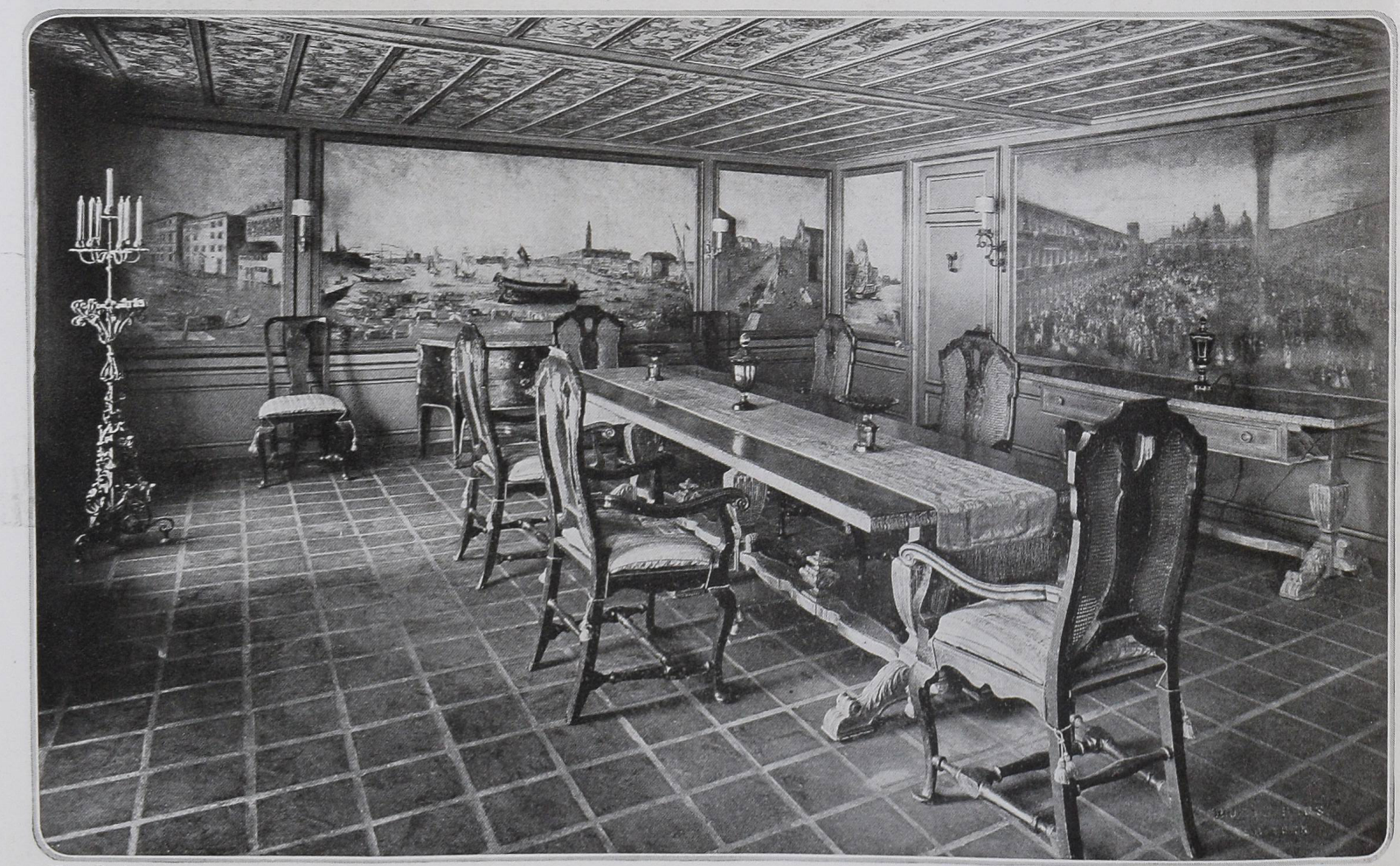
Wurts Brothers

At one end of Mrs. Thomas's bedroom, a mirror with dull gold rosettes and a black glass band reflects the brilliant peacock green walls and exquisite crystals of the room

Striped apricot taffeta is used on the bed and at the tall windows of this bedroom, and a flare of apricot ostrich feathers is caught at the top of the crystal chandelier

The fireplace grouping in the large Italian living-room has as its chief interests a portrait by Moroni and a pair of early Gothic tapestries. The tall slim fire dogs were made by the American sculptor, Jo Davidson. The original of his "France Aroused," which, in heroic size, will mark the place where the French turned back the Germans at the Marne, stands near the window

The painted dining-room, designed and executed by Karl Freund, is panelled with views of Venice in the spirit of Guardi, Canaletto, Marieschi and others. The most important of the panels are the "Fête of the Bucentero" on the west wall and the "Masked Ball of the Piazza San Marco" on the north wall. There are ten other views of the Lido and the harbour



Wurts Brothers

SYMPATHETIC GROUPS OF FURNITURE

EVERYONE knows the sort of party at which each person, taken separately, is perfectly delightful, and yet no two get on together, and the fact that they have no common interests makes everyone show their least attractive side. The same lack of perception which makes people invite to their table a half-dozen guests who have nothing in common is responsible for the assembling of "uncongenial" furniture, each piece good in itself, but losing half its value from a lack of support and response from the furniture near it.

Many people with an appreciation of beautiful furniture or objects of art have no faculty for placing the things they own to the best advantage in a room, or for deciding where they will make the best effect. What would look very well isolated in a hall, for instance, would lose its significance in the drawing-room. The photographs on these pages show suggestions from various New York decorators for combinations of furniture that speak the same language and have the same point of view. The rooms are not rooms in people's houses, but corners of the decorators' shops where furniture has been arranged in beautiful groups.

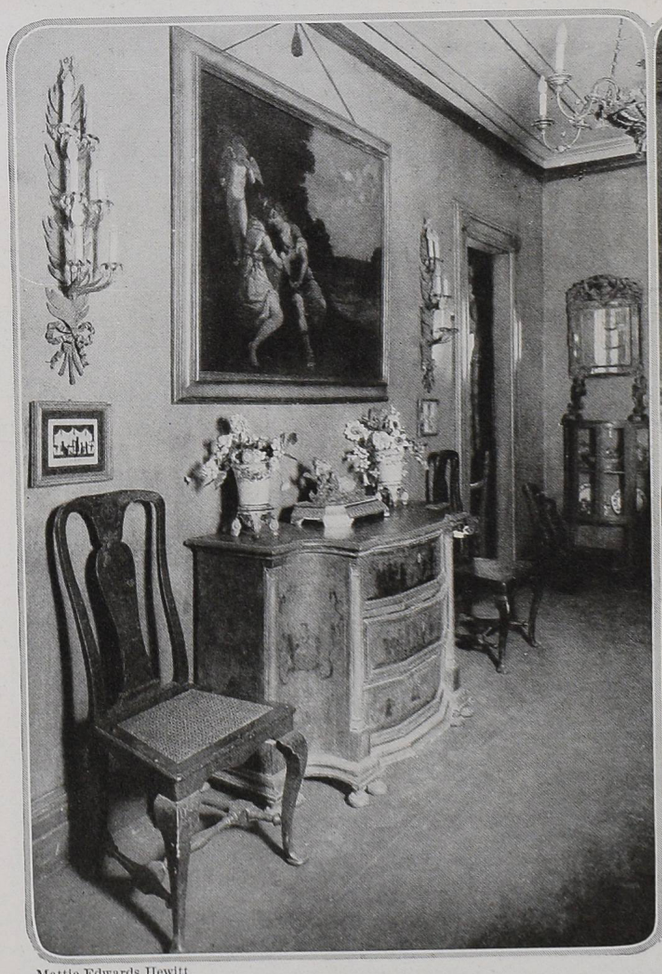
The upper photograph on this page shows an attractive way of treating a bay window by using it as a setting for an intimate and informal meal. The little table is practical as well as decorative for, as its sides fold down, it may be easily tucked away when not in use. The top of the table is painted cream colour with a wreath of black leaves around the edge, and the painted chairs are cream, black, and green, to match the chintz. The austere lines of the valances are in keeping with the Egyptian design of the chintz, and a brilliant red bird-cage and a vase of gay parchment flowers supply the necessary colour.

Selby Studio

For the déjeuner à deux, what could be more attractive than this setting; decorations by Miss Swift

The photographs below this one show two especially lovely groupings of furniture. In the one at the lower right the walnut console and the chair covered in needlepoint are of Queen Anne's time, and the walnut and gold mirror and the brass light standards, although of a little later period, have very much the same feeling.

The photograph at the lower left shows a charming group with a Venetian commode in the middle. The use of the commode, as a decorative as well as a useful piece of furniture, is becoming more and more the fashionable thing. In the Venetian one shown on this page there is a fund of suggestions for the boudoir or an informal sitting-room. In fact, its ample drawers would be a useful adjunct in a room which was to serve the purpose of both bedroom and boudoir. In that case, a day bed of Venetian design might be used, and a charming old



Mattie Edwards Hewitt

An antique Venetian commode with painted panels makes a delightful note in surroundings suited to its delicate beauty. A quaint figurine and a pair of vases filled with parchment flowers are in keeping with the style of the commode; decorations by Mrs. Wood

Mattie Edwards Hewitt

A reproduction of a room executed by Sir Christopher Wren, with carvings by Grinling Gibbons, is this panelled Old English oak room. The carvings, which are exquisite in workmanship and correct in detail, are in pear-wood; decorations by the Hayden Company

(Left) This Victorian setting calls for a beautiful lady with smooth bandeaux and sloping shoulders; decorations by Mrs. Coit MacLean

(Above) "Duck's egg" is the colour of this old Chinese wall-paper from a house in Northumberland; decorations by Schmitt Brothers

(Below) A charming example of the value of using pairs of decorations is shown in this hall where two pots of trailing ivy give a quaintly formal emphasis to the pair of porcelain doves on the gilt brackets above the console, which has a black and gold apron; decorations by Mrs. Emott Buel

Mattie Edwards Hewitt

desk with a chair or two would complete an attractive whole.

Some rooms which have been literally "reproduced" are shown in these photographs. For example, the room at the top of page 62 has on its walls an old Chinese paper taken from a house in Northumberland, and every detail is carried out with a room of the eighteenth century in mind.

The decorative value of these old Chinese wall-papers cannot be over-estimated, and it is very rarely that one may happen upon so fine a room as this, in its entirety. For it there has been a beautiful screen painted, with the design colouring of the wall-paper as its source of inspiration. The delicate tracery of mauves, blues, and greens, against the fascinating green-blue background made an additional interesting note in the room. With so much design on the wall, it is unnecessary, of course, to use any paintings, and with the exception of a gilt Chippendale mirror over the mantel, there is nothing to break the decoration.

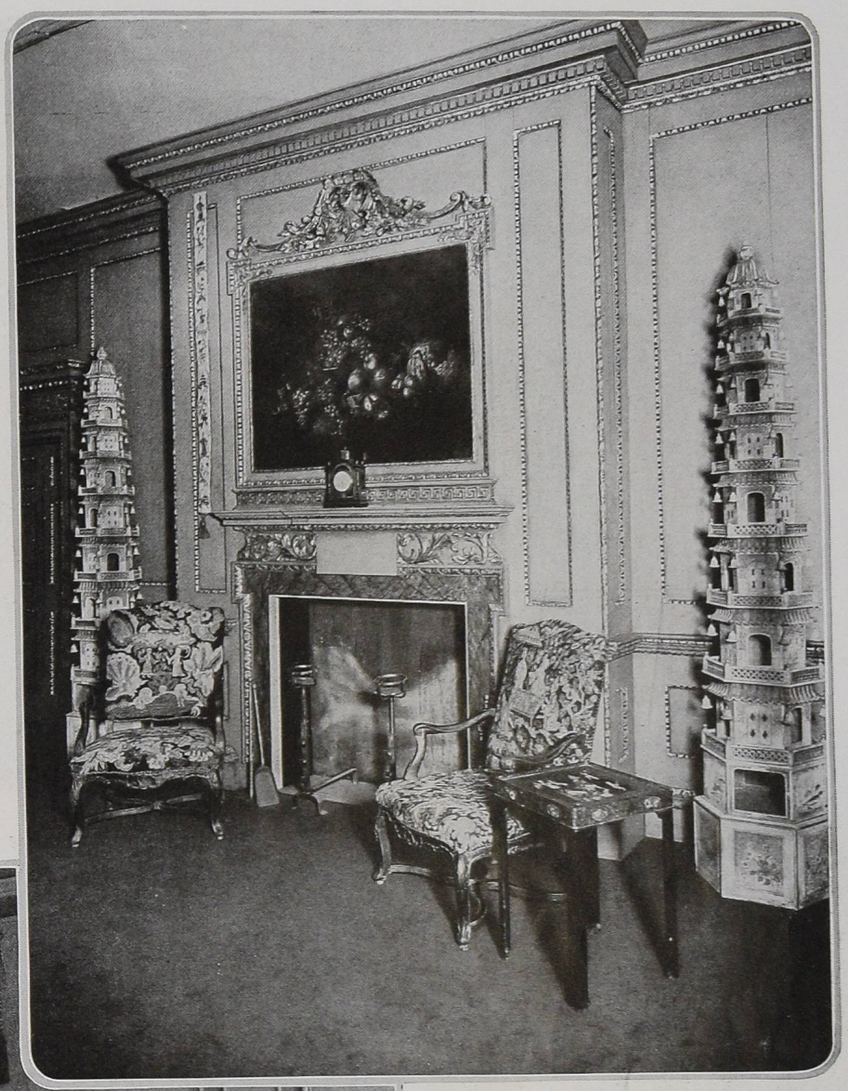
The glazed chintz slip covers on the wing chair have a yellow and mauve seaweed design. All the furniture is in mahogany, and dull brass nails have been used very decoratively to hold down the black horsehair chair covers. A pair of exquisite old lustres on the buffet add an effective detail.

In the arrangement for a hallway shown on the same page an amusing use is made of growing plants by placing pots of trailing ivy beside the eighteenth century console.

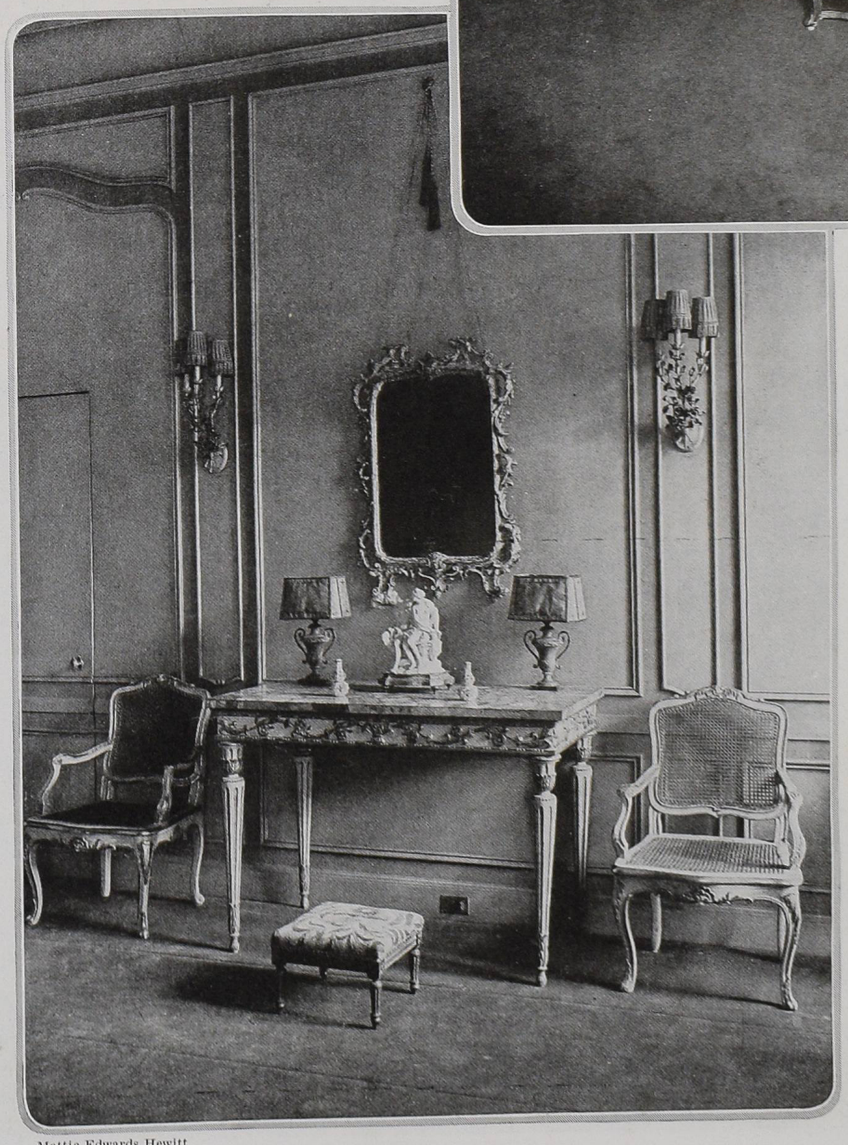
The pair of dull gold wall-brackets, holding white porcelain doves, at each side of the Italian architectural painting, make an unusual bit of decoration.

The Victorian setting just above this photograph takes its cue from the old marble mantel and looks startlingly like an illustration from Godey's Ladies Book for 1870. The black lacquer coal-box with its Chinese design is particularly quaint; and the old needle-work footstool in front of the mahogany chair, the little figurines on the mantel, and the old clock under glass all are "of the period." The pair of rare and lovely alabaster vases contrast significantly with the mellow Italian flower painting which hangs between them.

On this page is shown another interior brought from England—this time from Putney—which makes a brilliant peacock green background for the two coloured Chinese pagodas, reproduced in wood from the original porcelain ones owned by the beautiful Mrs. Keppel who was a conspicuous figure in court circles during the reign of King Edward VII. The needlework chairs in this room are very beautiful in colouring, and the bell-pull, done in a Chinese design, is especially decorative, and, to add to the brilliance of this room, the mouldings are silver.

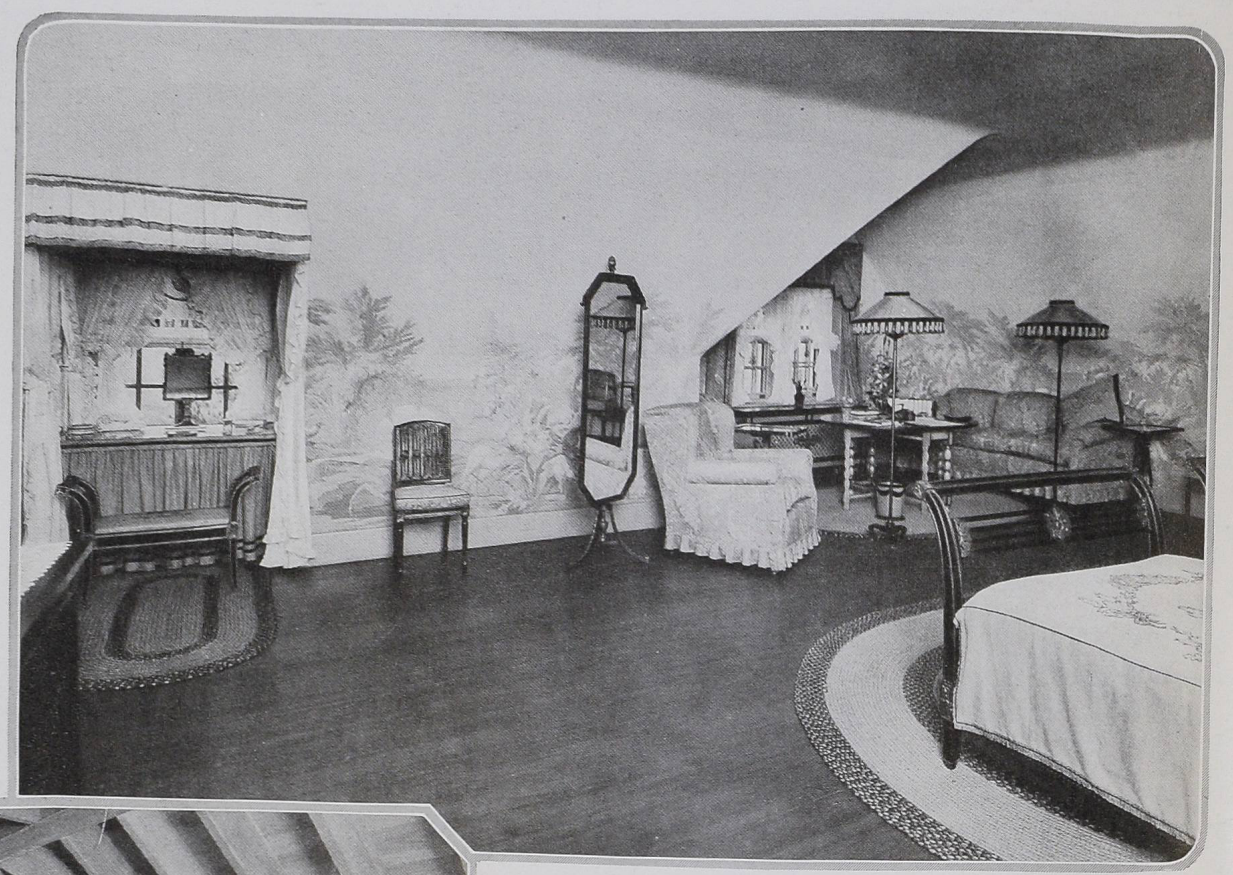


In this Georgian interior of 1750, which was taken from a house in Putney, a pair of wooden pagodas delicately painted to represent Chinese porcelain, add their fantastic loveliness to the beautiful colours of the needlework chairs and the Chinese design of the bell-pull; decorations by Schmitt Brothers



The Italian and French schools are harmoniously combined in this salon of the Régence period. The eighteenth century Italian console is painted grey-blue with a decoration in gold and has a marble top of multicoloured tones; decorations by the Herter Looms

Mattie Edwards Hewitt



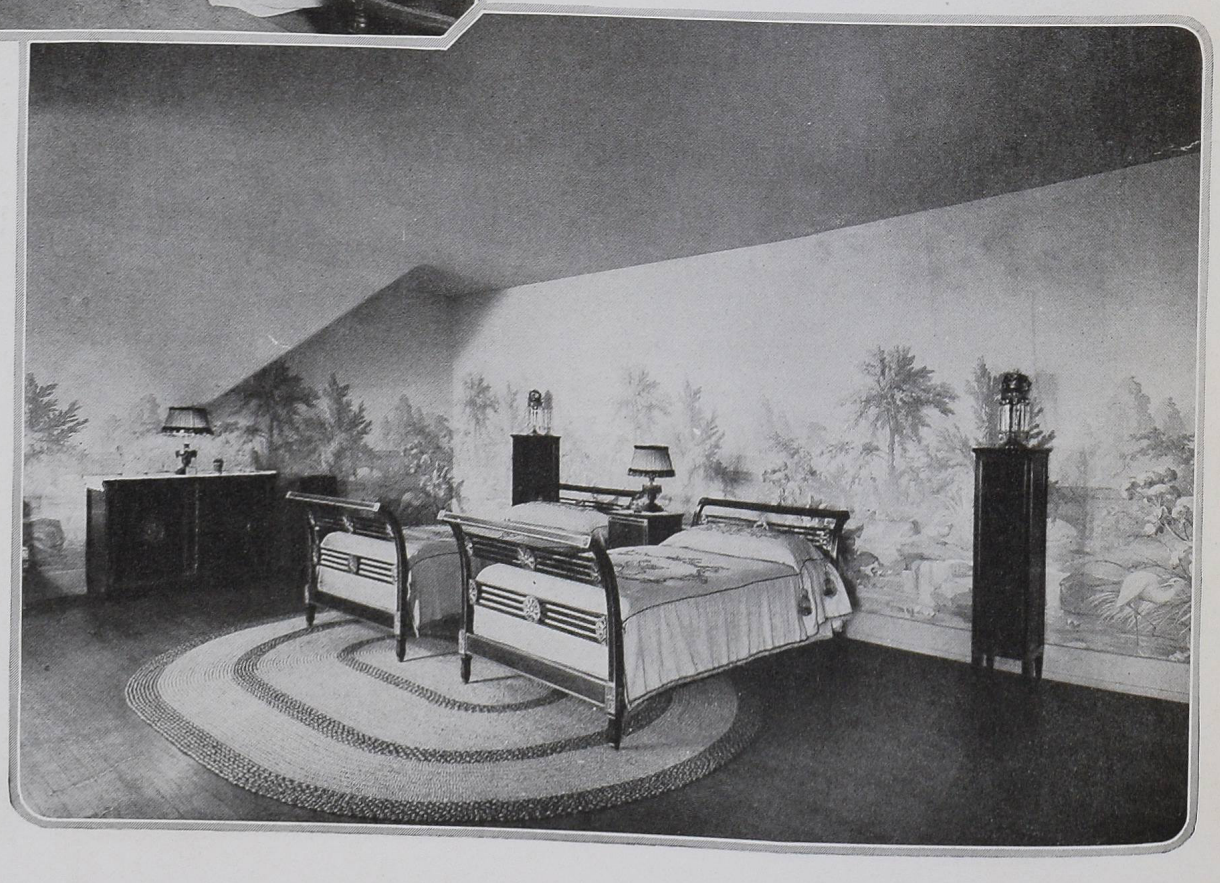
Bradley and Merrill

A French landscape paper of exquisitely delicate colouring and graceful design lends itself to the unusual wall conformations of this transformed attic room. Against such a cool pale background, the dull black and gold French furniture shows to perfect advantage. Grey peacocks parade across the rose linen of the davenport and the big inviting armchair, while the dressing-table has a nook to itself

Here is the attic as the decorator first saw it—a formless place of tired trunks, broken chairs, dilapidated bedsteads—fragments of discarded rooms that used to be. Yet a relatively small outlay, added to vision amounting almost to second sight, transformed this forlorn abode of ghosts into a group of fascinating guest room suites

THIS TRANSFORMED PHILADELPHIA ATTIC HOUSES THE CHARMED GUESTS OF MRS. EDWARD T. STOTESBURY

DECORATIONS BY WOOD AND SLAYTER



At the other end of the big room pictured at the top of the page, one sees these dull black and gold twin beds of interesting design standing on a rug woven in the colours of the room. On either side are tall narrow cabinets that were especially designed to fit the whimsical proportions of this bit of old France under the eaves

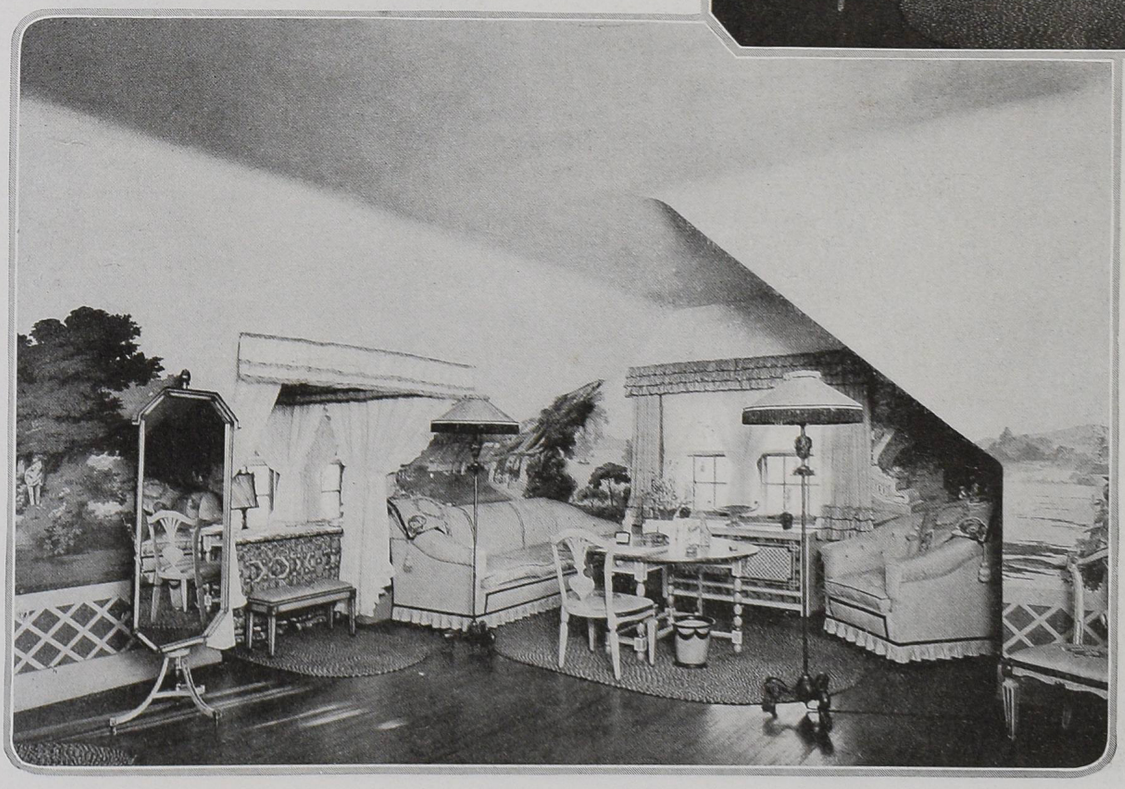
Bradley and Merrill

In the three views of the room on this page, trees belonging to an Italian landscape paper in tones of blue and rose on a white ground, climb up from a white trellised baseboard to lean out from the slanting walls and peer into the fascinating recess which houses a really decorative radiator. Where the paper reaches the top end of its roll, paint of the same shade takes its place over the rest of the ceiling

HOOVERIZING THE HOUSE IS A DELIGHTFUL PASTIME

WHEN ONE'S CONSERVED SPACE LOOKS LIKE THIS

The furniture for this delightful and unexpected room was inspired by a lovely Italian chair, painted blue with white and gold decorations. The furniture covering is blue linen, piped with black, and the same colour scheme has been carried out in the bedspreads seen in the picture of the room shown at the top of the page



A special feature of all these rooms presenting a difficult problem was that no two walls or heights of ceiling were the same. The landscape papers lent themselves with great and cheerful adaptability to these architectural vagaries, and their irregularities gave the walls unusual charm. The recesses also suggested interesting grouping

France, Italy—and now China appear in this light-hearted group of guest rooms under the eaves. A quaint Chinese paper in tones of yellow, green, and rose plays background for furniture specially designed with Chinese motifs—blue green furniture with subtle lines of black. A rose parrot, taken from an accommodating piece of chintz, was applied to the green linen cushion of the chair at the left. The comfortable over-stuffed armchair and the big lounge were also covered in green linen trimmed with black braid, and cushions of the rose chintz dangle their tassels under the shade of a Chinese lamp

Bradley and Merrill

THE BROKEN LINES AND UNIQUE PROPORTIONS OF THESE ATTRACTIVE ATTIC ROOMS LEND THEMSELVES TO INTERESTING EFFECTS

That long, narrow, dark, attic hallway that used to look like the aisle of a midnight Pullman, was papered in pale yellow with the green of graceful trees. Tall standards in yellow and green, holding ivy, broke the length of the hall. Hanging lights of moonlight blue were covered with ivy, and a yellow carpet edged with green made a pleasant pathway

There were two dormer windows in the Chinese room, and the difference in their sizes brought varying destinies. The big one acquired dignity in the rôle of sitting-room corner, as one sees it at the top of the page, while the smaller one ran to white muslin curtains with coloured dots and trimmings that made a frame for a dressing-table backed by all outdoors

THE FIRST AID NURSING YEOMANRY

An Organization of Englishwomen under the Frivolous Title of "Fannies" Is Doing the Man's Size Job of Running First Aid Stations

By F. TENNYSON JESSE

ON a pale day of difficult sunlight the Director of Transport motored me over to see my first convoy, known to the initiate as "The Fannies' Convoy." The Fannies owe their nickname to the initials F.A.N.Y., which stand for First Aid Nursing Yeomanry, and they are unpaid voluntary workers. They are now under the British Red Cross, and so come directly under the supervision of the D. of T., as my companion was called—everything in the B.E.F. is known by initials or nicknames.

As we went, remember, I still knew nothing about the work I had come out to see or the lives of those employed in it. I could only watch flashing past me the outward setting of those lives, and try, from the remarks of my companion, to build up something else. Yet what I built up from him, as what I had built up from the talk at my hotel the night before, was more the attitude of the men towards the women than the attitude of the women towards their life, though it was none the less interesting for that. And here I may as well record, what I found at the beginning—and I saw no reason to reverse my judgment later on—that I saw no trace of sex-jealousy in any department whatsoever. I only met genuine, unemotional, level-headed admiration on the part of the men towards the women working amongst them. The D. of T. was no exception, and opined that if the war hadn't done anything else at least it had killed that irritating masculine "gag" that women couldn't work together. For that, after all, will always be to some minds the surprise of the thing—not that women can work with men, but that they can work together.

"People talk a lot," he said reflectively, "about what's to happen after the war . . . when it's all over and there's nothing left but to go home. What's going to happen to all these girls, how will they settle down ?"

"And how do you think . . .?"

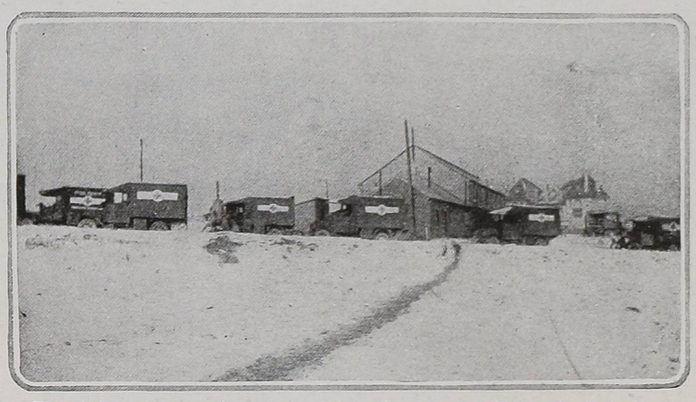
"I don't think there'll be any trouble whether they marry or not. They will have had their adventure."

I looked at him and thought what a penetrating remark that was. Later, in view of what I came to think and be told, I wondered whether it were true after all; later still I came to what seems to me the solution of it, or as much of a solution as that can be which still leaves one with an "I wonder . . ."

He told me tales of the Fannies, who, being now under the Red Cross, came directly under his jurisdiction. He told me of a lonely outpost at the beginning of the war where there was only one surgeon and two Fannies, and how for twenty-four hours they all three worked, "up to the knees in blood," amputating, tying up, bandaging, without rest or relief. How the whole of the work of the convoying of wounded for the enormous Calais district was done entirely by the girls; of how at this particular Fanny Convoy to which we were going, they were raided practically every fine night, and that their camp was in about the "unhealthiest spot," as regarded raids, in the district. How during the last raid nine aerial torpedoes fell around the camp and exploded, and one fell right in the middle and did not explode, or there would have been very little Fanny Convoy left . . . but how it made a hole seven feet deep and weighed a hundred and ten pounds, and stood higher than a stock-size Fanny. And, crowning touch of jubilation to the Convoy, of how the French authorities had promised to present it to them after it was cleaned out and rendered innocuous, to their no small contentment. As well-earned a trophy as ever decorated a mess-room . . .

He talked very like a nice father about to show off his girls and back them against the world.

We arrived on a great day for the Fannies—the famous aerial torpedo had preceded us by a bare hour. There it lay, on the floor of the mess-room, reminding me, with its great steel fins and long rounded nose, of a dead shark. The Commandant showed it us with pride, and every successive Fanny entering was greeted with the two words—"It's come." The D. of T. swore he would have it mounted on a brass and mahogany stand with an engraved plate to tell its history. Two strong Fannies reared it up, for even empty its weight was noteworthy, and it stood on its murderous nose with its wicked fins, the solid steel of one of them bent and crumpled like a sheet of paper, above my head. A great trophy, and a hard-earned one.

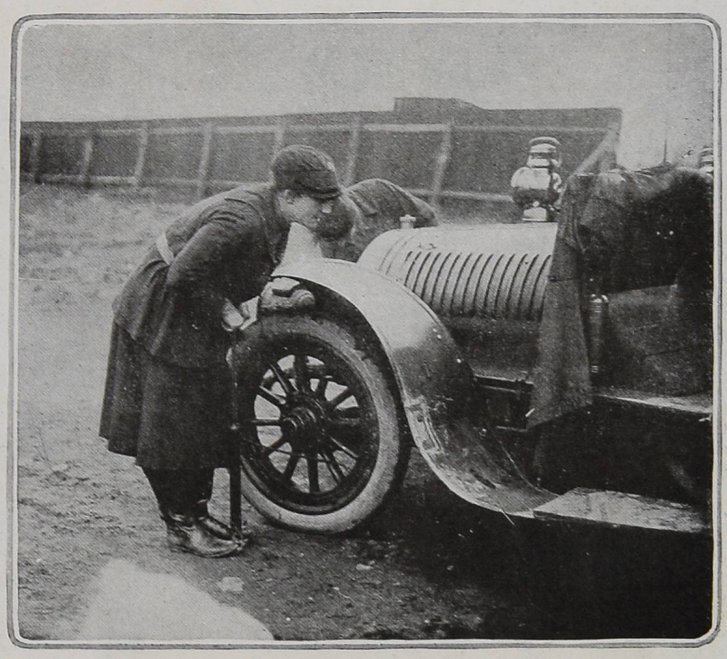


The whole of the convoying of wounded for the enormous Calais district is done entirely by these sturdy girls. This particular Fanny Convoy runs the risk of bombs practically every fine night, as their camp is in about the unhealthiest spot, as regards air raids, in the district

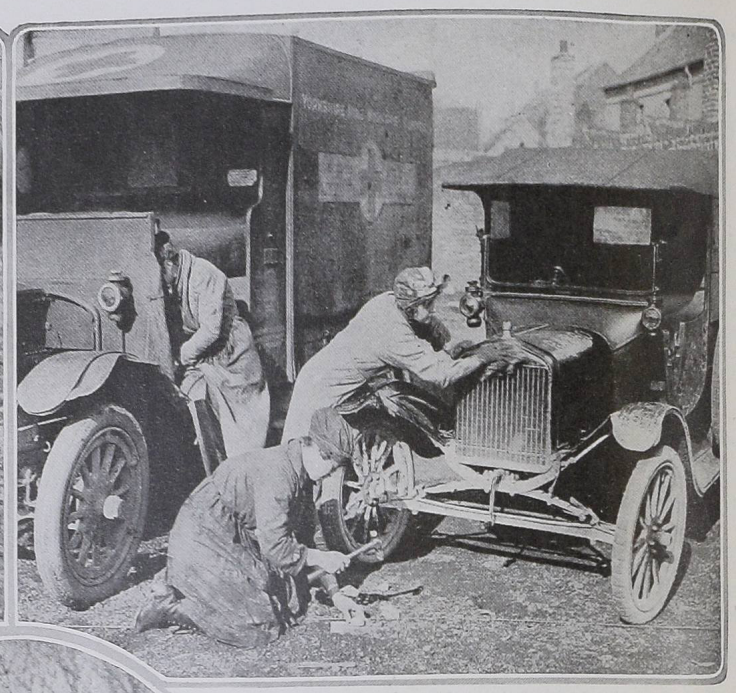
They all seem very happy and well. Girls who go out rather delicate soon become strong in the hard open-air life, and there has not been a single case of strain from working the heavy ambulances

Every one has opined that if the war has done nothing else at least it has killed that irritating masculine "gag" that women cannot work together. It is now generally accepted that not only can women work with men, but that they work together with remarkable harmony

Their disregard for appearances is at first amazing till you realize they are too intent on what they are doing and care too little about themselves to worry about what people may be thinking of them



The girls do all the cleaning and oiling of the cars themselves, and all repairs with the exception of the very complicated cases, for which they are allowed to call on the help of two mechanics, but only after the request has gone through those in authority



As a rule there is only one girl to each ambulance, but in very lonely spots the allowance is three girls to two cars. At St. Omer the authorities at first objected to having them, but now they have taken over the whole of the Red Cross and A.S.C. ambulances

This was the first camp I saw, and a very good one as camps go. (I merely add that latter sentence because personally I think any form of community life the most terrible of hardships.) It is rather pathetic to see how, in all the camps in France, the girls have managed to get not only as individual but as feminine touches as possible. I never saw a woman's office anywhere in France that was not a mass of flowers; and window-boxes, flower-beds, basins of bulbs, are cultivated everywhere. Every office, too, though strictly business-like, has chintz curtains of lovely colours. You can always tell a woman's office from a man's, which is a good sign and should hearten the pessimists who cry that this doing of men's work will defeminise the women.

The Commandant at this Fannies' camp took me into her office, and she and the D. of T.—who chimed in whenever he thought she was not saying enough in praise of his admired Fannies—told me the rough outlines of the history of the body since the beginning of the war. Though now affiliated to the Red Cross they were an independent body before the war, and when hostilities broke out were a mounted corps, with horse ambulances. They offered themselves to the English authorities, were refused, and came out to the war-zone and worked for the Belgians for fourteen months. They ran a hospital in Calais staffed by themselves as nurses and with Belgian doctors and orderlies. Then, in the beginning of 1916, they offered to drive motor ambulances and thus release Red Cross men-drivers, and now they are running, with the exception of two ambulances for Chinese, the whole of the Calais district, and have released many A.S.C. men as well. It is a big area, with many out-lying camps where there are detached units. As a rule, there is only one girl to each ambulance, but in very lonely spots the allowance is three girls to two cars. At St. Omer the authorities at first objected to having them, but now they have taken over the whole of the Red Cross and A.S.C. ambulances there.

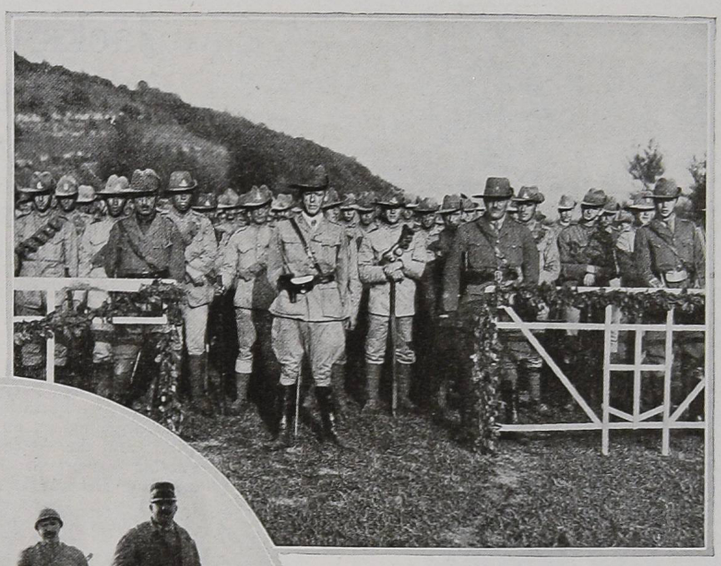
At this camp which I saw, they have no day or night shifts, as there is not much night work except during a push, when every one works night and day without more than a couple of hours rest snatched with clothes on. The other occasion when there is night work is when there is a raid. As I have said, the camp is in a peculiarly unhealthy spot for bombs, and until just lately the girls had no raid-shelter. Now one has been dug for them, roofed with concrete and sandbags and earth, which would stand anything short of a direct hit from some such pleasant little missile as is now the pride of the camp. But at first, even when the raid shelter was built, there was no telephone extension from the office to it, and therefore the Commandant had to stay in the office with one other to take the telephone calls, then had to cross the open, in full raid, and going to the mouth of the shelter call out the names of the girls whose turn it was to drive the ambulances. She told it me as exemplifying the spirit of the girls, that never once, through all the noise and danger, did a girl falter, always answered to her name, and came coolly and unconcernedly up the steps and went across to her car. But it seemed to me that it was as good to sit quietly in a matchboard office and await the messages, to say nothing of taking them across that danger zone. Now an order has gone forth that the ambulances are not to

(*Continued on page 91*)

(Centre) During the last raid nine aerial torpedoes fell around the camp and exploded, one fell right in the camp and did not explode or there would have been very little Fanny Convoy left

After running a hospital in Calais with Belgian doctors and orderlies, in the beginning of 1916 they offered to drive ambulances to release Red Cross drivers. They now run the whole of the Calais district

A French infantry regiment marching through a city of northern Italy on the way to the Piave battle front



The Anzacs, among the best fighters of the British Empire, are also doing their bit against the Hun on Italian soil

An Italian machine-gun post on the banks of the Piave River, where the Austro-Hungarian armies were stopped and turned back in their last offensive

A regiment of Scottish troops resting along one of those long, smooth, immaculately kept roads of Lombardy

The first section of the American Ambulance Corps to arrive in Italy, being inspected at Milan before their departure for the front on the Piave River

The Allied Troops on the Italian Front

French, British and American Forces Join in Shielding Venice From the Austrian Hordes

IT was not until after the Austrians, supported strongly by German divisions, had burst out of their Alpine fortresses and overrun the Venetian plain, that France and England awoke to the fact that the "front" on Italian soil was in fact a part of the entire battle line. They immediately sent men and artillery into northern Italy, but these arrived only after the October disaster was complete. When the latest Austrian drive began, this spring, however, the Allies were in force, and were of considerable assistance to the Italians. America was only represented by ambulance men and a few aviators; but after the Italians had stopped the Austrians for the second time, the United States concluded to show its interest in Italian affairs, and one regiment of infantry was reported as on its way to Italy late in June. With the exception of Belgium and Portugal, all the Allies actually fighting Germany will be represented on the Italian front.

Jacks of Allied Nations

Are All At Home in New York

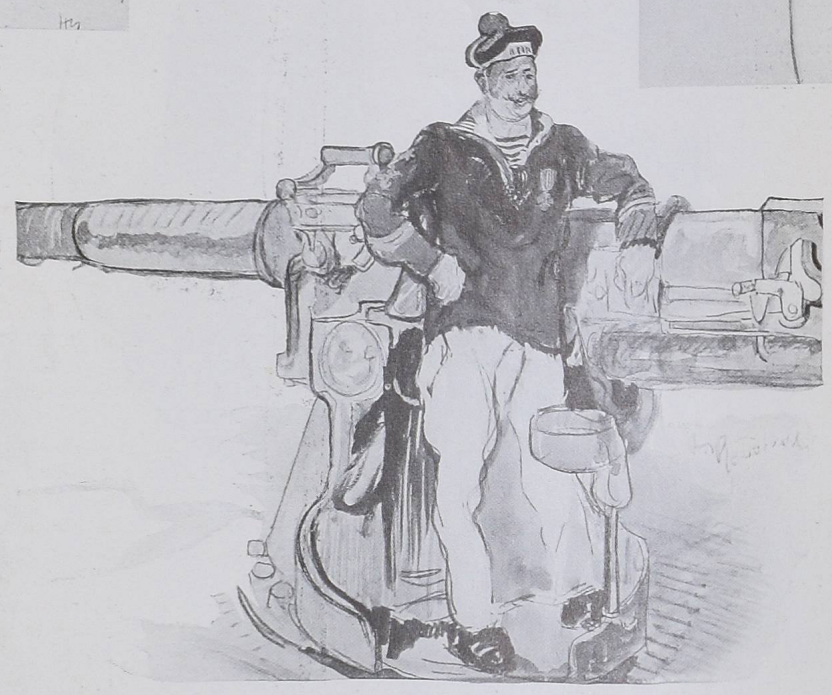
Sketches by

LIEUT. H. REUTERDAHL, U. S. N. R. F.

SINCE we have been in the war, the armed ships of practically all the allied nations have been constant visitors to our ports, particularly to New York and Newport News. While foreign sailors are more or less frequently seen on Fifth Avenue, they are to be met with daily in our yards and on our docks devoted to naval purposes. Lieut. Reuterdahl —on his lawful occasions—has run across these picturesque figures on our New York waterfront; and the sketches on this page are his graphic memoranda, hastily made from life, and later elaborated into those navy recruiting posters which have caused so many of our young fellow-citizens to Obey that Impulse.

A Russian bluejacket, sketched on board the U. S. S. Agamemnon at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, while Russian crews were waiting here to take ships to the Baltic

Japanese sailors, who are not as yet familiar figures in New York or in other of our Atlantic ports, although they are always numerous along the Pacific coast



A French sailor—member of the armed guard of the liner "Rochambeau," which has had a number of brushes with submarines in her trips from Bordeaux to New York

An Italian sea-fighting man,—a member of the armed guard of an Italian trans-Atlantic liner running the Mediterranean submarine gauntlet

An American bluejacket and a British tar, —sketched on the deck of a transport at one of the Hoboken piers. Note the smiles

British petty officer, in command of the guard of the "Cedric," once an ocean liner; now a troop transport plying between our ports and England

The Log of the U-152

Fragments From the Journal of Capt. Adolph Eisenbann of the First Transatlantic Raiders

Tightly rolled up inside of a bottle (empty) of doppel-brau beer, this log was washed ashore, upon the flat, sandy beach of Paterson, N. J. It was discovered there by Henry William Hanemann, of New York, and sent to Vanity Fair.

MONDAY, May 13, 1918. Zeebrugge. Long conference with the hochwohlgeboren Herr Admiral von Tirpitz, to-day. He told me all about the United States, a country in which I never had very much interest. It seems they are at war with us. Von Tirpitz wishes me to take the U-152 by water to New York and to locate a favorable landing place for our transports. I am glad of the opportunity. The sea air will do me good.

Tuesday, May 14. Zeebrugge. Learnt more about the United States to-day. Von Tirpitz gave me some American newspapers, which are printed by subjects of our Empire living in the United States. It seems that the U. S. standing army of 2,453 was annihilated by Mexico in 1916, in which year the entire U. S. navy of six vessels was sold to Venezuela.

Wednesday, May 15. Zeebrugge. Received my orders. I am to cruise about the Eastern coast of the U. S. A. and report upon existing conditions there. They tell me the country has no guns and no means of defense. There is not an airplane in the United States, except one in a museum at Washington. What ships it has consist of a few small craft, privately built and propelled with oars, in the manner of ancient Roman Galleys. The people, claiming it is a free country, are entirely unprepared for and unconcerned about—War. They divide their time equally between the production of cinema dramas and the playing of a game called "base-ball." Von Tirpitz says the country should be easier to deal with than Russia.

Thursday, May 16. En route to America. Off at last. I have the best wishes of the Herr Admiral and of the Emperor.

Sunday, May 19. We are making the best of the good weather and are progressing steadily and without incident. Have in my possession a quaint American photograph of a group of strange, awkward creatures in masquerade costumes, drilling with broomsticks, entitled "Home Guard, East Orange, N. J." Very funny.

Tuesday, May 21. Still at sea, though we make steady progress toward the Americas. Witnessed a mirage, to-day, the most complete and startling one I have ever seen. About four bells, the starboard watch called my attention to a huge mass looming up on the port side. The mass gradually took on the appearance of a mighty transport, flying the American flag, and crowded to the gunwales with men in the uniform of the defunct army of the United States. The illusion, amazingly realistic, passed rapidly astern of us.

Wednesday, May 22. America at last. From the porthole of my cabin, I can see the low-lying hills of the Virginia coast. They make me homesick for the hills of my own low, lying country. Spent the day putting my disguise wardrobe in order. I intend going ashore tomorrow. The watch reports any number of war craft, all flying the American flag. I myself, have seen three. I cannot understand it. Atmospheric conditions in this part of the world must make these mirages common occurrences.

Thursday, May 23. 87 miles off the Virginia coast. Went ashore in disguise 766b—male negro cotton picker. The white natives were neither playing base-ball nor producing cinema drama. I cannot understand it. They were all talking of some unknown place which they designated as "over there." When I asked where "over there" was, they laughed; and one employed his boot in a manner which I consider reserved for the use of line officers of our Empire—upon their inferiors. Being in my disguise, I could not retaliate.

Saturday, May 25. 66 2/3 miles off New Jersey. I have sunk two American ships, the Edna and the Hattie Dunn. These looked so real I refused to believe them mirages and had them bombed. I cannot understand it. They *were* real. To gain further information, I have taken the crews on board. I have also a large number of American newspapers which I took from the Edna when I went back after Captain Gilmore's pearl-handled silk umbrella.

Sunday, May 26. New Jersey, still off. Captain Gilmore told me this morning that the United States owned more ships than I could sink in a hundred years. Probably American humor. Bombed the Isabel Wiley and the Winneconne, which also turned out to be actual vessels and not mirages.

Monday, May 27. I am perfectly right. The American newspapers have page after page of cinema drama and base-ball news. But they have also a number of cunningly written articles about a titanic war-program which—they say—is successfully under way, and others which contain allusions to a million men in an arrangement called "class one." I do not understand. It is said, on all sides, that the United States seems to be actively engaged in building warships, merchant vessels, and airplanes. It is also manufacturing munitions, motors and military equipment in great quantities—probably for Mexico. If I were not better informed by the Empire I might be inclined to believe some of these lying reports. What a vicious, unscrupulous government, deliberately and wilfully to misinform its citizens!

Tuesday, May 28. Sank the Hauppage off Cape May. I am about to discredit my mirage theory. Great and powerful ships, all flying the Stars and Stripes, are becoming almost too numerous to count. Is it possible that the Emperor was in error? No! That is ridiculous. The Emperor, Gott bless him, is *never* in error. The American captives insist upon telling me that the United States owns a number of perfectly practical battleships, destroyers, cruisers, etc., and dare me to go and find out for myself. I shall do so at once.

Wednesday, May 29. New York, under pier 66, East River. With my own eyes, I have seen what appear to be fourteen American Dreadnaughts and twenty-five American destroyers in and about New York harbor. They may be intended for some new photo-dramas. Or, perhaps, they are borrowed battleships from some other nation. Went ashore this afternoon in disguise 555cc—Ensign U. S. Cavalry. Tried to get my old friend Karl Muck on the telephone. Unsuccessful. The operator said she had his number, but the wire had been discontinued.

Thursday, May 30. New York. After all, the United States has an army. I saw it, or most of it, parade the streets of New York, today. It was pitiful. Most of the men were over fifty and were so weak they had to be carried in carriages. The Americans said they were soldiers of the civil war.

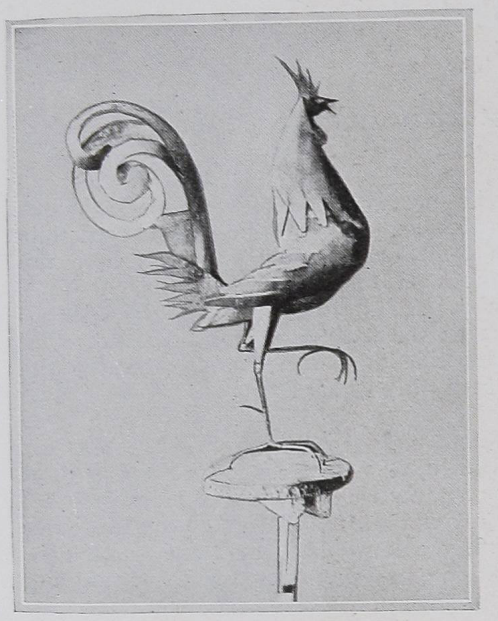
Friday, May 31. Went ashore in disguise 5408—Columbia University professor. Feeling in a humorous vein, I summoned a taxi and asked the driver if he could show me some airplanes. He took me to a place on Long Island, called Mineola. I counted about 180 planes, some of which were in the air. I saw others that looked as if they might be able to fly as well. They told me this was one of the forty or fifty aeroplane camps, in which tens of thousands of aviators were being trained. Another mirage! My bill for the taxi was thirty-seven dollars. I was furious.

Saturday, June 1. Wireless letter from von Tirpitz. The Herr Admiral wishes me to hasten to sink more boats. On the strength of the news of my already great achievements, he says, the food ration of the common people back home has just been given another cut. I shall do my best. Unfortunately, I do not seem to be able to get near a transport, of which I have seen very many. They are all loaded with soldiers, and protected by what appear to be destroyers. They seem about to depart for somewhere, perhaps Venezuela. Das verstehe Ich ganz nicht.

Sunday, June 3. Up and down the Eastern coast. Sank six small and insignificant craft. My heart is not in my work. I cannot understand the discrepancy between my information and the facts I have seen. Somebody must have misinformed the Emperor.

Monday, June 4. New York. Disguised in No. 7665, Red Cross Nurse, I went to Camp Upton, at Yaphank, one of the innumerable training camps supposed to be in the United States. Putting it conservatively, I should say that there are a large number of young men there, all being trained in modern warfare. Saw no civil war soldiers. Base-ball is a secondary matter in these camps. I wish I dared wire this to von Tirpitz.

Thursday, June 6. Met Fritz Bergenthal, one of our secret agents, and an old friend of mine. I have not seen him in five years. I told him of the purpose of my voyage and showed him some beautiful green stamps which I had bought yesterday at the earnest solicitation of a pretty American society lady on Fifth Avenue. Fritz said, "You fool, those are war saving stamps! Every one means hundreds of bullets for the American army." "Well," said I, "I will show you how I can get the better of the (*Continued on page 83*)

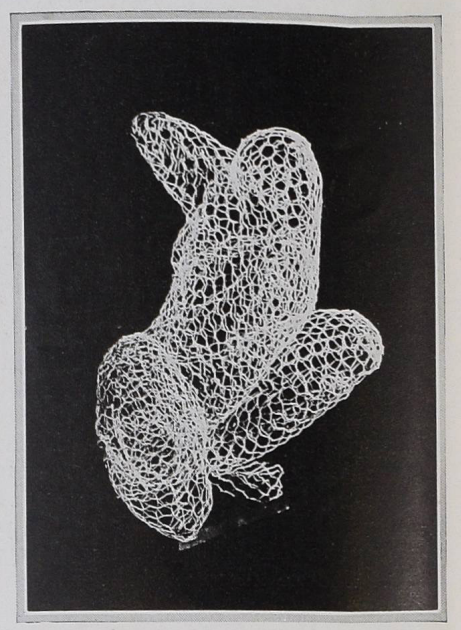


WALTER C. HARRIS

A SHEET IRON CHANTICLEER

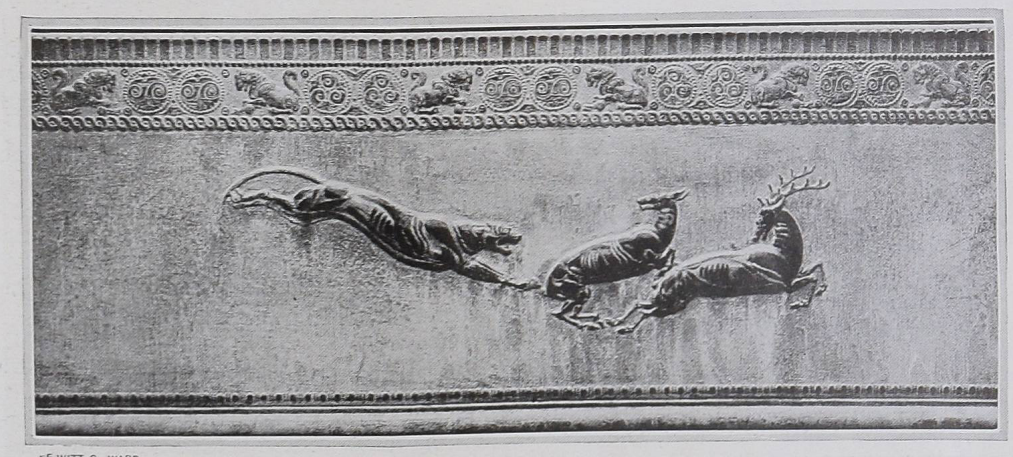
This game-cock, by Hunt Diederich, was fashioned out of hammered iron. It is a triumphant representation of the most belligerent of all birds, full of the pride of battle. Mr. Diederich, although much of his life has been spent in Europe, is now permanently settled in New York

A sculpture in fused and colored glass, by Arthur B. Davies. This artist succeeds in many mediums,—from oils and water colors to the etcher's plate, and even to carving in wood. Who can tell what he will try next?



A CHICKEN-WIRE VENUS

Charles D. Ferrand has here shown what could be done in the way of getting "significant form" out of a section of chicken wire. It is, obviously, the headless and crouching figure of a woman. It has been said of this versatile artist that he could make anything out of anything

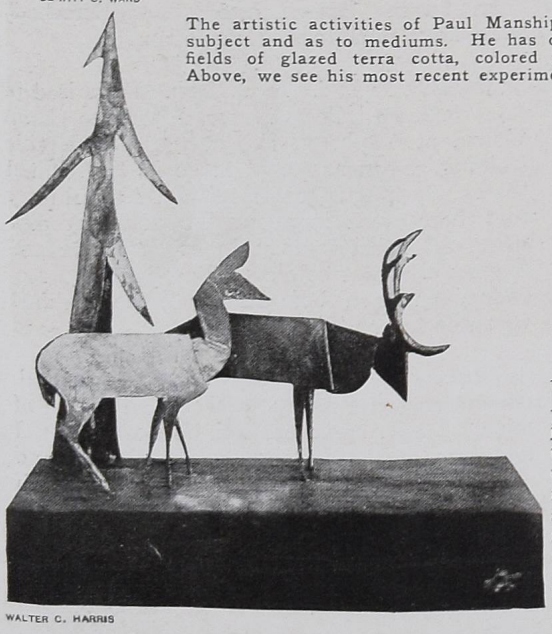


DE WITT C. WARD

The artistic activities of Paul Manship show a wide range, both as to subject and as to mediums. He has of late been experimenting in the fields of glazed terra cotta, colored sculpture and medals in bronze. Above, we see his most recent experiment, a bit of lacquered terra cotta.

DE WITT C. WARD

Hunt Diederich's greyhound in clay. This was modelled by the sculptor—as a *tour de force*—in exactly four hours, at the recent "Indigenous" contest of sculptors



WALTER C. HARRIS

A. J. Frueh cut these stags out of a single sheet of copper, in a fantastic silhouette. The copper was then bent into the expressive form shown

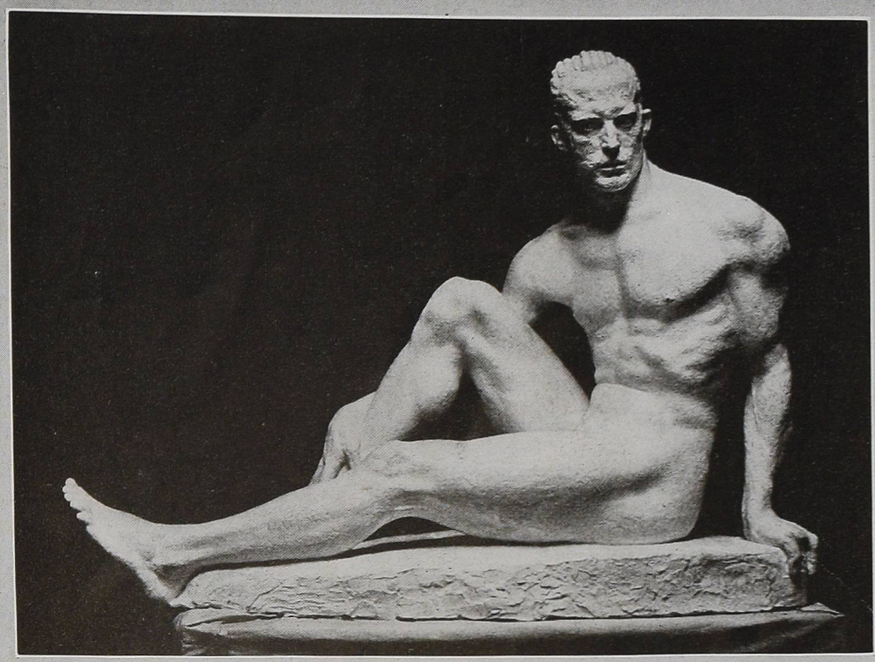
Sculpture in Strange Mediums

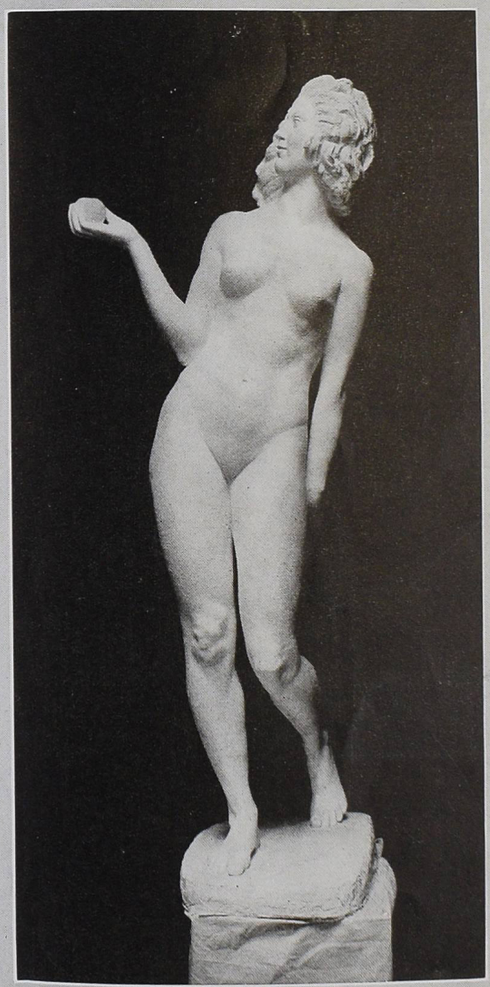
Growing Evidence to Prove that Our American Sculptors Are Expressing Themselves in Unconventional Materials

IT would be absurd to say that artists do not care about their choice of a medium. It is the one subject that causes them the most anxiety. But, given a true artist, and *any* medium, he may be depended upon to achieve a fine result from it. There is no more dignity in a block of sculptor's marble than in a mass of sculptor's clay. One of the really hopeful signs in the art of America today is the growing versatility of our painters and sculptors. More and more, they are reaching out for new media. More and more they long to accomplish miracles with the most difficult materials possible. Show us an artist who never experiments and we will show you one who perpetually stands still. On this page we have grouped the results of some recent experiments, in new media, by a handful of well-known painters and sculptors in New York.

The theory that an artist should select a medium and stick to it, for the rest of his life, is contrary to the practise of the great Italians, and, even more conspicuously, to that of the great Orientals. The Chinese realized so thoroughly the value of multiple forms of art expression—the desire to make beautiful everything in use—that it was natural for the best of their artists to turn from one material to another. The really notable Chinese masters were equally at home in working in such a wide variety of mediums as bronze sculpture, images in jade, carving in stone, painting on silk, decorating on paper, and the varied methods of working in lacquer or porcelain.

The title of this figure is "Adam." It represents the father of the race, in the moment of bewilderment following on his creation: before he stood on his feet; but after he had received the first breath of life

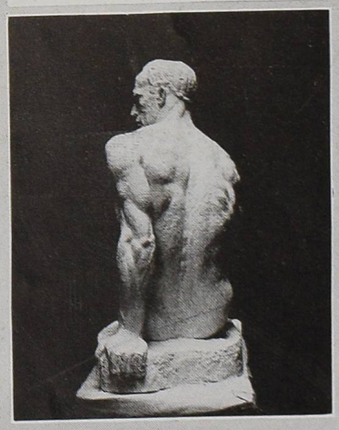




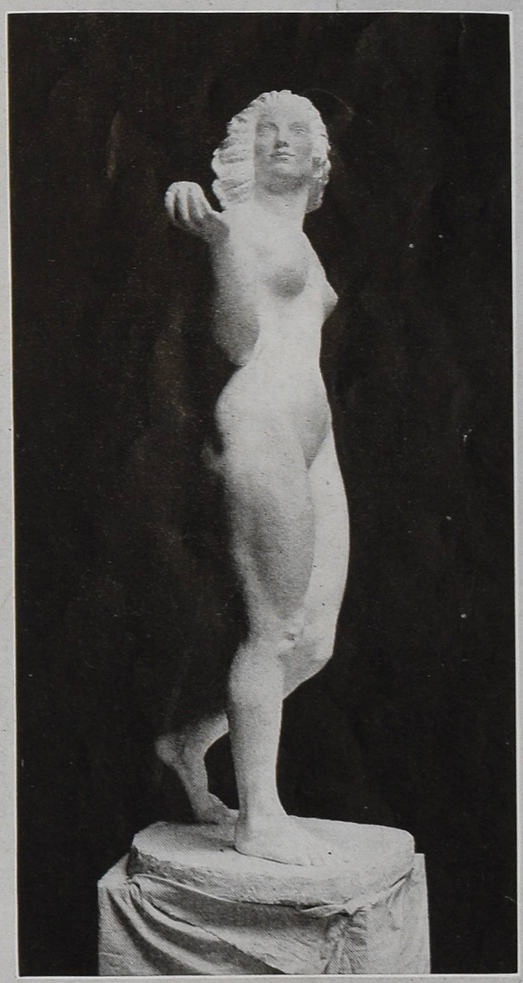
Eve, who has bitten a piece out of an apple—which she is hiding behind her back—is very invitingly offering quite another apple to Adam

IRA L. HILL

Roussana Soskice, the Russian refugee sculptor, who has now settled in New York



Detail of the imposing and dominating back of Madame Soskice's figure of Adam, a fuller view of which is shown above



Looked at from this side, the figure of Eve expresses simple gaiety, with no suggestion in it of the slightly cynical expression in the other view

Work by a New Russian Sculptress

The Impressive Figures of Adam and Eve Mark the Beginning of Her American Career

ONE of the most rapid reputations of the current art year was that of Roussana Soskice. A pupil of Emile Bourdelle in Paris, Madame Soskice returned to Russia from France on account of the war. She left Russia for America, less than seven months ago, because of the disorders due to the Revolution. On arriving in New York, she began work at once and produced, in the first three months of her stay, the Adam and Eve figures which are reproduced, from the plaster, on this page. Mme. Soskice is only twenty-three years old. She exhibited groups of her work at the Independent Exhibition.

DEMEYER

Olga Petrova: Our Russian Cinema Star

Will Soon Appear in a Film Version of "Patience Sparhawk," the Novel by Gertrude Atherton

© WHITE

TWENTY COPIES OF THIS PHOTOGRAPH—DULY AUTOGRAPHED—WERE AUCTIONED FOR $165,230.00

It shows the sixteen patriots, artists, friends of the Red Cross, and generous-hearted human beings, who, for three weeks toured the more prosperous cities of the United States, in one-night stands, for the benefit of the Red Cross. They paid their own expenses, their own hotel bills; they took not a cent of pay for their services. The dramatic vehicle in which they appeared was "Out There," the inspired and inspiring play by J. Hartley Manners. The financial results of this tour are given in a note at the top of the middle column on this page. Miss Laurette Taylor wrote a diary of the tour. The diary, in its entirety, will shortly be published in book form by the George H. Doran Company. As the result of the kindly generosity of both Miss Taylor and Mr. Doran, a small part of the entire diary is printed here

STANDING: *George MacFarlane, Burr McIntosh, Laurette Taylor, H. B. Warner, George M. Cohan, Chauncey Olcott, Helen Ware and O. P. Heggie*

SITTING: *Eleanora de Cisneros, Mrs. Fiske, George Arliss, Julia Arthur, James T. Powers, Beryl Mercer and James K. Hackett. At the table: J. Hartley Manners*

A Record Theatrical Tour

By LAURETTE TAYLOR

WASHINGTON, May 14, 12:30 a. m. We opened tonight to $17,146. The "capacity" house brought in $6,824; the auction had brought premiums amounting to $9,322; and Nora Bayes paid $1,000 for the autographed programme. Millionaires sat in the house, and yet it was Miss Bayes—a hard-working actress—who paid a thousand dollars for the President's signature, and the signatures of fifteen actors and actresses. It is a great joy to realize that we are enrolled under the Red Cross banner, and it was an honor to play before the President tonight and do our part in his effort to carry this war to a successful finish.

Vive le Président!

A hint on how to become President: The President was invited to come to the theatre at eight o'clock. *He arrived at eight o'clock!*

Baltimore, May 15, 12:30 a. m. Our receipts to-night totalled $28,652—ten thousand more than its sister-city, Washington! We are all so determined not to act like "stars" that funny things sometimes happen. After the first act we take a company call—Mr. Warner, Jimmie Powers, Helen Ware, George Arliss, Beryl Mercer and I. To-night, we all gathered by the door and—darn it!—we left the center of the stage naked. Poor old center! It seemed to shriek out, "I've been a good friend to all of you—why desert me in front of a $28,000 house?" On the fourth curtain I could stand its tearful voice no longer, and jumped into the center of the stage.

THE "Out There" company, as a result of their three weeks' tour, turned over to the Red Cross a net profit of a little over $670,000. In each city a programme, autographed by all the members of the cast, was auctioned off by Burr McIntosh. This simple procedure netted the stupefying total of $165,230. Some auctioneer! In Louisville, a single program brought $18,150. At the final performance in Pittsburgh, on Saturday, June 1st, $107,235 was paid by the audience for their seats—the largest amount ever paid for one theatrical performance in the history of the world. At this performance, a resident of Pittsburgh paid $8,500 for a box, and several people paid as high as $1,000 for a single seat.

And I've been explaining why ever since!

I keep wondering what Mrs. Fiske is like. At a distance I adore her but one feels one must go carefully with her. Some friends you achieve, and some you thrust yourself upon.

Baltimore sho' am some city!

Thursday, May 16. Philadelphians,—$23,060 worth of them—waited last night until ten o'clock for the curtain to rise on "OUT THERE," and most of them stayed till one this morning to see the finish. We expected to be a little late, but one of the motor lorries carrying our scenery broke down, and it took hours to fix it. The Philadelphia programme sold for $1,500 (the same as at Baltimore). During the two hours wait, from eight till ten, the company, in their street clothes, entertained the waiting audience with an impromptu entertainment, George Cohan singing "Over There", Chauncey Olcott "Mother Machree", and Madame Cisneros "Come Back to Erin". Julia Arthur recited "The Battle Hymn of the Republic", Helen Ware "Carry On", and Jimmie Powers held the audience—as one of the papers said—in the hollow of his voice with a home-made poem, a few lines of which I happen to remember:

"Would you like the smell of sauerkraut, a-cooking in the pot?
"Would you like to 'Hoch der Kaiser', and hock everything you've got?
"Would you like to see a baby dying on its mother's breast?
"Would you like to see some flowers on your sister, spelling—'Rest'?"

Our delay kept Mrs. Fiske from appearing on the stage until ten minutes to one. During all those hours she sat in a corner curiously quiet yet most vibrantly alive, nothing moving except her foot, which kept up an incessant tapping. Isn't it interesting when a placid, still personality sort of chugs underneath like a Pierce-Arrow? Being a Ford myself—all noise and rattle—I admire tremendously the other thing. We both have our places in the world. (*Continued on page 84*)

All the World's a Screen

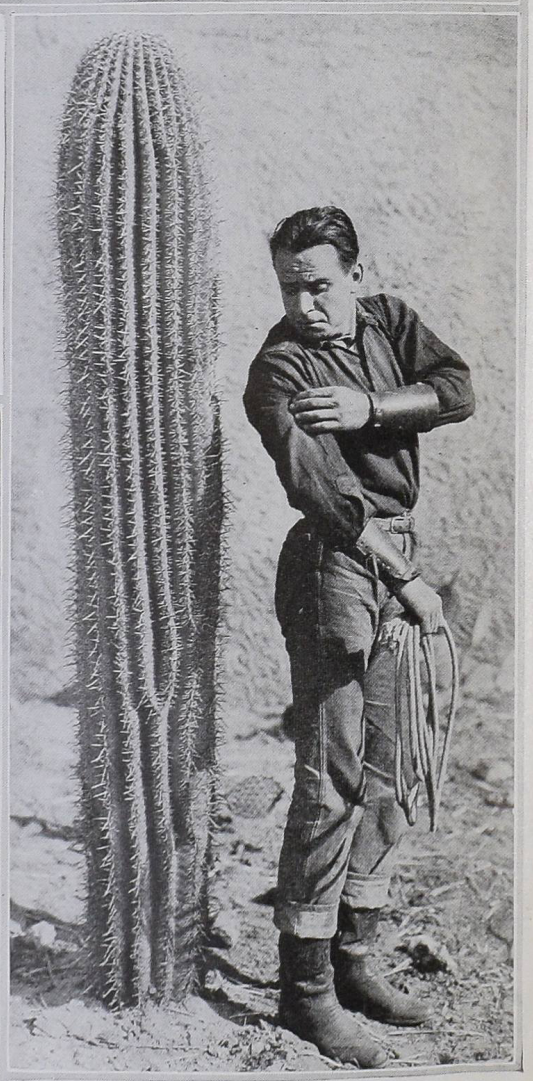
And All the Men and Women Merely Players—Not to Mention the Babies

VOGUE is beginning to understand why there are so many motion picture magazines. The reason, obviously, is that it is such an easy job to get the material together with which to edit them. Every day, for instance, we sit here in our Lucile-Baron de Meyer office and receive a procession of movie magnates, film artists, Fort Lee stage directors, and miscellaneous camera grinders, all of them offering us the loveliest portraits, and the most thrilling personal biographies, of the leading figures on the screen—the sort of ladies and gentlemen who live in Hollywood and earn—or receive, rather—a million or two dollars a year. On this page, for instance, you will see four superlative attractions—one of them not as widely known as the others, but already—at the tender age of almost two—a popular and greatly sought after resident of Hastings-on-the-Hudson, New York.

VICTOR GEORG

Olive Thomas—Mrs. Jack Pickford, in private life. (Note—Jack is related to Mary on his father's and mother's side.) Mrs. Pickford, who was for several years the pivotal point of the Follies, has devoted the past two years of her life to work on the moving picture screen

This baby is the Crown Princess of the American drama, combining, in a comparatively small body, all the personal charm and artistic distinction of her mother, as well as the managerial genius of her father. The infant's name is Florence Patricia Burke Ziegfeld



One of the most attractive men in our personal acquaintance is Mr. Douglas Fairbanks. He attracts everybody and everything—even the deadly Mexican cactus. Note that the cactus is exhibiting an admirable trait—a strong tendency to stick to a good friend

Lina Cavalieri, is here shown, in company with a sort of Aida chorus, in her new film, "A Woman of Impulse," which will be released, as a Paramount attraction, early in the autumn. In her succeeding picture, she will appear with her husband, M. Muratore

The Overseas Dramatic Season

Old Favorites to Be Revised and Teutonized for the Occasion

By ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

THE announcement of plans for an all-star company of players from this country (under the leadership of E. H. Sothern) to visit the war-zone and give performances for the American soldiers, has started a wild-fire of discussion throughout the entire country. At least, the Editor of Vogue and I have discussed it, and have come to the conclusion that it calls for immediate action on someone's part.

It is, of course, a gigantic idea. In fact, it has the makings of a revolution in it, for the American Expeditionary Force will be the first free-born Americans to see a Broadway production from the first ten rows without having to pay a ransom of fifty cents per seat to a theatre ticket agency. This fact alone will place the movement (along with the introduction of Government railway-operation) as one of the biggest moves toward Socialism resulting from the war.

But this is what the *New Republic* would call, in its rowdy way, one of the "larger aspects" of the case. There is a danger of dwelling on these to the exclusion of one or two of the details.

For instance, what plays should be given?

HERE is a question which will probably take up all of my time for the rest of the afternoon, and even then have enough stray ends left for someone else to write an article on. It is a big subject, but it has simply got to be done, for it would never do to have this all-star company going overseas and presenting the wrong plays.

The main thing is, of course, to entertain. But our patriotic societies will be missing a big bet if they allow this opportunity to slip by without getting across some hate propaganda to the soldiers and canteen-workers in France. It is not enough that we prohibit the printing of German instructions on patent-medicine wrappers and refuse to send our children to kindergartens. These things, while undoubtedly of great comfort to General Pershing, are negative. We must have something positive,—something that will cause every right-minded person to go into a paroxysm of rage at the very sight of an umlaut. And what better vehicle could there be than the theatrical performances which are to be given for the benefit of our troops? Why can not some of our standard plays be remodeled for overseas presentation, making the villains so distinctly Teutonic that the audience would leave the theatre with moist palms and hissing inhalations, vowing that a man who would behave in that manner toward a poor country girl and her bankrupt inventor-father doesn't deserve to have even a look-in on a Mitteleuropa?

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," for instance, would have endless possibilities for arousing hard feeling, if Simon Legree could only be made a Prussian planter named, let us say, Otto Kalbfleisch. We have several German dialect artists who could do impressive work in the rôle: Joseph Cawthorn, Sam Bernard, Lew Fields, or any one of the dozen masters of the palpitating palate who have been forced to suspend their old acts because of the popular disapproval of anything German that is not edible.

ARNOLD GENTHE

Julia Marlowe is about to sail for France, where she will appear—with her husband, Mr. E. H. Sothern—in a series of "Over There" theatrical performances for the entertainment of American soldiers at the front

Let us say that Mr. Winthrop Ames has succeeded in working over the 'script to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" until it is in tune with the spirit of the times. Uncle Tom, who, because of his years of service, has become Fourth Deputy Assistant to the Ober-meister in Charge of Boll Weevil Extermination in the cotton fields of Otto Kalbfleisch (played by Joseph Cawthorn), has been ordered by his cruel master to flagellate an underling who has neglected to punch the official time-clock.

UNCLE TOM: Ah begs Mas'r Kalbfleisch's pardon, but ah suttinly hopes he won't set Ole Tom ter do that. Ole Tom couldn't bring himself ter flagellate a subordinate nohow.

KALBFLEISCH (*gargling his "r's"*): Ho-ho! Und zo dot iss it, iss it? You r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-refuse it to do? You vant to make it a r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-relovution, iss it? Ve shall see who iss der r-r-r-r-r-r-r-regular brobrietor-feller hier, py Jchiminy! Hans! . . . Fritz! . . . R-r-r-r-run der stairs up und tell August der seltzer-bottle schnell ouid zu bringen. . . . (To Tom) Insubordinootion, vud you? Don'd make me so mooch amoosment.

Hans and Fritz appear with the seltzer-bottle which the villain takes and points at Uncle Tom.

KALBFLEISCH: Und now, Al Jolson, vot iss it? Make it as I say or (*squirting him in the right eye*) der r-r-r-resevoir comes ouid.

UNCLE TOM (*on his knees*): No, no, Mars' Otto! You owns ma body, but you ain't bought ma soul! Ma soul don't belong to you no more than the Czecho-Slovak race belongs in a German hierachy.

(Editor's Note: Any timely bit of political propaganda may be inserted in place of the Czecho-Slovak reference. It is sure to get a hand.)

KALBFLEISCH (*squirting Tom again and again in a vicious manner*): Oh, iss it? (squirt). Take dot . . . (squirt) und dot . . . und dot (squirt) . . . und so weiter until it iss a zufficiency.

(*Slow and painful curtain*)

A FEW scenes like this, and the audience would be on pins and needles until it had eliminated the last possessor of a revolving tonsil in Europe.

If "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is too brutish, something a little more refined in the way of Teuton cruelty could be injected into "Way Down East." Here we would have to un-naturalize at least two of the characters and make them guttural. Lennox Sanderson, the City Chap, is the regular villain, because he carries the riding-crop, but Squire Bartlett, the enraged father who turns the unfortunate girl out into a property snow-storm, is so gosh-darn mean that he would just naturally have to have some German blood in him. If we have anything to do with picking the cast, Sam Bernard will play the squire (now Squire Noodleschatz) because of the eloquence of his gestures denoting impotent rage, and Lew Fields will appear as Ludwig Spielzeugle, the City Chap, in a checkered suit and yellow spats.

Having Teutonized the hellish members of the cast, let us proceed with the dialogue:

The scene, you will remember, is laid in the kitchen of the farm-house belonging to Squire Noodleschatz, and that impressionable old church-goer has just discovered that Anna, the family maid, has had the conventional Past. He has arisen in throaty rage and denounced the unfortunate gel, at which she has taken offense and is about to go out into the stormy night.

DAVID (*the son*): Stop, Anna! You can't go out to-night in this storm! . . . Father, you've always been a stern man, but you have never been a cru-el one till now, and you are cru-el when you drive this friendless gel out of the house.

SQUIRE (*taking three steps forward and shooting his cuffs*): O-ho! Und vot goes it on? A conspir-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-racy, eh? Excoo-o-ses, ho? You are making me explanations in her flavor, iss it?

DAVID: Yes, father, for I think that you are unjust, and that you will repent what you are doing this night. What has the gel done? She has served you (*Continued on page 82*)

ARNOLD GENTHE

The Duncan dancers, who are shown in the above picture, are—beginning at the left: Therèse, Irma, Lisa, Margot. Two of the girls who compose the Duncan dancers are missing from the photograph—Anna, the oldest of the group, and Erica. The figure shown in the picture below is that of Lisa

Notwithstanding the extraordinary success which the Duncan girls registered at their recent Carnegie Hall appearances, they have determind to keep up, as much as possible, their open air dancing. True to this determination, they have recently appeared in a number of outdoor fêtes and pageants

The Duncan Pupils Are Independent Dancers at Last

EARLY in the winter, Isadora Duncan left America for an indefinite residence abroad. She left behind her, in New York, the ever youthful group of six dancers, known throughout the world as The Isadora Duncan Pupils. These pupils have at last been able to organize themselves into an independent group of dancers. After so organizing, they at first contented themselves with giving private recitals and open air dancing exhibitions, but, late in June, they planned and executed an ambitious three-evening engagement at Carnegie Hall. They were accompanied by George Copeland at the piano. These performances by "the Isadorables" were, for the most part, dedicated to dances interpretative of the nocturnes, études, préludes and mazurkas of Chopin, though occasional dances were introduced to make better known to New Yorkers the music of Chabrier, Rachmaninov, and Debussy. Vogue has always been of the opinion that these girls, under proper management, and with proper musical accompaniment, would achieve a brilliant success in America. It was gratifying to us, therefore, to see that Carnegie Hall, on three successive nights, was packed to the ceiling. It is to be hoped that our theatrical managers, stage directors, and the public at large, will, in the future, do their utmost to stimulate the activities of a group of dancers so well worthy of our encouragement.

War Finance for Beginners

Elementary Lessons in Getting the Financial Situation under Control

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

I WAS pained to observe last month that the Italian lira was falling again. She fell from 8.60 to 8.70, and then from 8.70 to 8.80. If she goes on falling like that she will soon fall to 10 or even higher. She may fall up to a hundred.

On the other hand if the Austrians keep on getting drowned in the Piave, the lira is bound to rise. She may rise up from 8.60 to 8.40 and perhaps get as high as 7.30. These are things that set sober men thinking. And there are sober men to be found everywhere to-day.

But while the lira has been undergoing this sharp rise, roubles, I have been gratified to see, are holding their own, and the Spanish peseta is very quiet. These are cheering statements. I know of nothing more stimulating than the thought of a Russian rouble holding its own, with its feet braced, and nothing more soothing than that of a Spanish peseta drowsing in a hammock.

IN fact, take it all in all, we had last month, in financial circles, a quiet time. There was a little rise, perhaps, in Portuguese fours, —but really nothing; there was an erratic movement in rupees that jolted us for a day or two. Mexicans were up for a while and rails were down; there was a nasty undercurrent in steel which may have been the cause of the slight sag in Panama two's,—though I hardly think it;—but all of these were minor disturbances, due probably to inflation,—or perhaps to infusion or distillation.

At any rate, so I was glad to read, the tone of the market was quiet, with a distinct feeling of strength amounting almost to buoyancy and even verging towards hilarity.

Now to those of us who are as familiar with Wall Street as with the pews in our own church, or even more so, or perhaps both, these items of war finance are as simple as A. B. C. We refer to them quite casually, with perfect ease and with no mental effort or calculation. We pass them back and forward across the breakfast table of the club, from one side of the coffee pot to the other.

"I notice," I say to Robinson, the man opposite, "that sterling exchange is still very dull." I always say this with a slight sigh.

"Very depressed," he answers, gloomily.

Robinson is the head of a trust company and understands international finance as well, or even better—if it is not an exaggeration to say so,—than I do. Sterling exchange has been our chief topic at breakfast for nearly four years. Robinson told me one day, not long ago, that he feared sterling might never reach the mint par again. This was awful news. There was a sob in his voice as he said it. I turned away, the tears streaming down my face. I asked him what he thought to be the matter with it and he answered, controlling his voice as best he could, "Inflation." I think so, too.

BUT when I speak of myself as an authority on war finance, I don't mean to say that I occupy any financial or official position in regard to it. But I watch it. I follow it in the papers. When the war began, I knew nothing about it. But I pick up a little bit here and a little bit there until now I feel that I have a grasp on it not easily shaken off.

It is a simple matter, anyway. Take the case of the rouble. It rises and it falls. But the reason is always perfectly obvious. It runs, as I get it in my newspapers, like this:—

"M. Touchusoff, the new financial secretary of the Soviet, has declared that Russia will repay her utmost liabilities. Roubles rose."

"M. Touchusoff, the late financial secretary of the Soviet, was thrown into the Neva last evening. Roubles fell."

"M. Gorky, speaking in London last night, said that Russia was a great country. Roubles rose."

"A Dutch correspondent, who has just beat his way out of Russia, reports that nothing will induce him to go back. Roubles fell."

"Mr. Arthur Balfour, speaking in the House of Commons last night, paid a glowing tribute to the memory of Peter the Great. Roubles rose."

"The local Bolsheviki of New York City at the Pan-Russian Congress held in Murphy's Rooms, Fourth Avenue, voted unanimously in favor of a Free Russia. Roubles never budged."

WITH these examples in view, anybody, I think, can grasp the central principles of Russian finance. All that one needs to know is what M. Touchusoff and such people are going to say, and who will be thrown into the Neva, and the rise and fall of the rouble can be foreseen to a kopeck. In speculation by shrewd people with proper judgment as to when to buy and when to sell the rouble, large fortunes can be made, or even lost, in a day.

I may add, for the benefit of those who are less well-informed, that there are two kinds of Russian loans, the internal and the external loan. The internal will be paid by Russia only when she sees fit. The external will be paid by Russia when she feels ready to. I might add, also, that there are a hundred kopecks in a rouble. But should I do so, it would exhaust my knowledge of Russian finance.

But after all, Russian finance is simple. That of our German enemies is highly technical and complicated. Even the German investor hardly knows where his money has gone to. But there is no doubt of the extraordinary, the colossal success of the German war finance. This at least I gather from the little items that are quoted from time to time from the Berlin press. Thus:—

"The first Imperial War Loan of four billion marks, to be known as the Kaiser's War Loan, was oversubscribed to-day in five minutes. Investors thronged the banks, with tears in their eyes, bringing with them everything that they had. The bank managers, themselves stained with tears, took everything that was offered. Each investor received a button proudly displayed by the too-happy-for-words out-of-the-bank-hustling recipient."

"The second great Imperial War Loan, to be called the Kaiser's Loan, was oversubscribed yesterday in two minutes and a half. The investors, standing in massed groups, had to be driven back from the wickets of the banks by the themselves-deeply-moved tellers. Each investor carried away with him a button, a smile being on the henceforth-proudly-elated face."

After the second loan, so it is to be understood, the investors had to be chased away from the banks with sticks.

AUSTRIAN finance, it seems, is less complicated than the German. Even an outsider may get some little idea of it from press quotations such as the following:

"Baron Fullup von Sedlitz, the Austrian prime minister, yesterday found fifty cents under a sofa in the Emperor Karl's sitting room. It will be used to float a new Austrian loan."

It is all very well, however, to gibe at the war finance of our enemies. It cannot be denied that we of the English-speaking countries have troubles of our own in the financing of the war. In the first place as one hears pointed out a hundred times, the Germans make it a fixed principle to borrow only at home. They refuse to accept money from any of the great outside markets, such as Patagonia, Costa Rica, and Dutch Guiana. Hence, as is often remarked, they owe their debt only to themselves. This is a tremendous source of strength. We in America and England, on the other hand, are being hampered by having the whole world to borrow from. This is a severe handicap. It has brought about, as a result, the peculiar if disturbing situation of our finances to-day. For those who have found themselves perplexed in trying to understand war finance, I will say a few words to make the situation clear, following strictly along the lines of the explanations supplied to me by Robinson and other financial friends and by the financial pages of the morning paper.

TO begin with, our currency, so I am given to understand, is seriously inflated. This is bad. Who did it, I do not know. It has been said that it is largely the work of German spies who went up and down the country, years before the war, quietly inflating the currency. But I doubt this. The simple and more workable theory current among our bankers is that the inflation of the currency is due to the enormous expansion of credit occasioned by the absorption of the great loans, leading, it seems, to a sort of general buoyancy, or gaiety amounting almost to hysteria.

As a consequence, money has become, so I am told, singularly easy. I understand that those who want it and are willing to carry it away, can have all they can absorb. But the demand for it, I read, is sluggish. It needs a little kicking to make it stand up. Money, in short, is so easy that it is said to be piling up in the treasury where they are having to throw it out of the windows in shovelfuls. So I gather.

This is a very dangerous situation. It is bringing about an alarming rise in wages together with a distressing increase in salaries, coupled with a nasty-looking rise in the standard of living and an ugly-looking spread of comfort and luxury.

But after all, who cares? What was that last vote for air service? A billion dollars? Let's make her two.

The Continued Vogue of Russian and East Indian Dancing

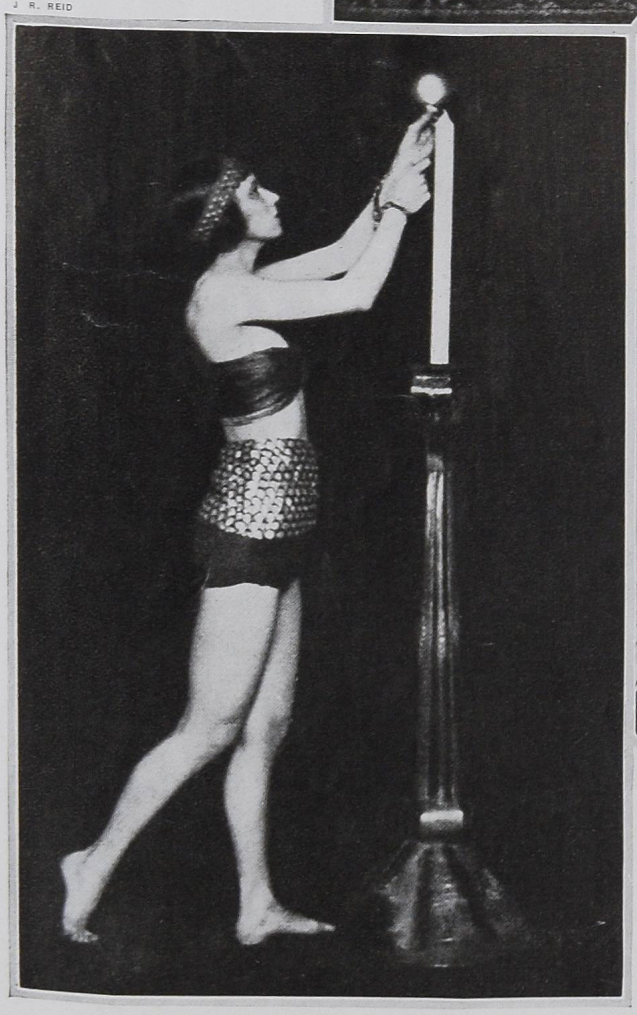
One of the most fortunate dancers in the world is Florence O'Denishawn, who, only a few weeks ago, was a little-known dancer living in California. Coming to New York, unheralded, she was given an opportunity to show her high talents in "Hitchy-Koo," Raymond Hitchcock's summer revue, where she immediately created one of the greatest and most unquestioned dancing successes of the year. She is seen, in "Hitchy-Koo," in an East Indian dance of extraordinary originality and fire

CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

Mme. Kurylo recently registered a genuine success at the Fulton Theatre, in her dances between the four one-act comedies lately produced there. Her instruction in dancing has all been in East India, China, Cambodia, and Burma. Mme. Kurylo is the wife of Edouard Kurylo, a dancer who is well known in New York and who was the Ballet Master and Regisseur of the Russian Government Theatre at Warsaw

Laura Lee is best known for her interpretations of the religious dances of the Far East. She has made a deep study of the East Indian dance-rites and has worked out an unusual dance form for herself. She recently gave a series of recitals in New York. She has danced in Paris where, under the tutelage of Mlle. Theodoré, the director of the Opéra, she met with great success

J. R. REID



IRA L. HILL

Andreas Pavley has been engaged by the Chicago Opera Company for their coming season of opera, as a premier danseur étoile. M. Pavley will appear in special costumes and will give special performances as well as his operatic appearances. He is here shown in the costume he wears in "Samson and Dalila"

CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

The first game of polo played in America, was at Jerome Park in 1877. The players, from left to right, are Richard Peters, George R. Fearing, William Jay, Harry Oelrichs, William P. Douglas, S. Howland Robbins, James Gordon Bennett, John Mott, S. S. Howland, Hermann Oelrichs, Fairman Rogers and Winthrop Thorne. None of these twelve players is now living save Mr. Peters and Mr. Fearing

The Beginnings of Polo in America

By BELMONT PURDY

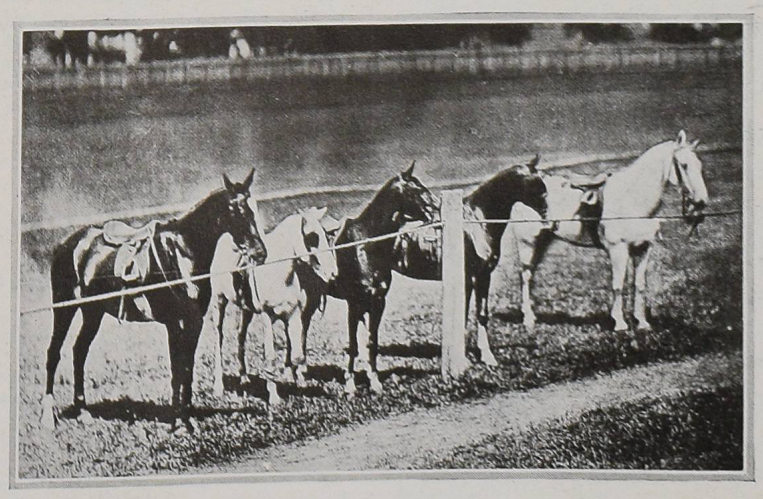
MUCH has been written of the many-sided activities of James Gordon Bennett, both as journalist and sportsman, since his death, but nothing has been said of his connection with the taking up in this country of polo. He introduced polo in the United States, at a dinner, in 1876.

Mr. Bennett had but a short time before made his début in society, the then exclusive portals of which had been opened for him by a personage of financial and social importance who, aiming at an exalted position also in politics, felt towards the owner of the *Herald,* that gratitude which is defined as an appreciation of favors to come. Jim Bennett, as he was called by his new-made acquaintances, had done in an impromptu way most things of a sporting nature, except riding. He had beaten John Whipple in a walking-match to Jerome Park, had won a steeplechase with his imported French horse, beating Jimmie Lawrence, the then champion gentleman jock (that is, Lord Mandeville won it for him), he had beaten at pigeon-shooting, then in fashion, most of the second-rate shots in society, including August Belmont and Johnnie Heckscher; he had won an ocean yacht race with the Henrietta, against Pierre Lorillard and George Osgood (that is, Captain Samuels won it), and had startled society in many ways not recorded.

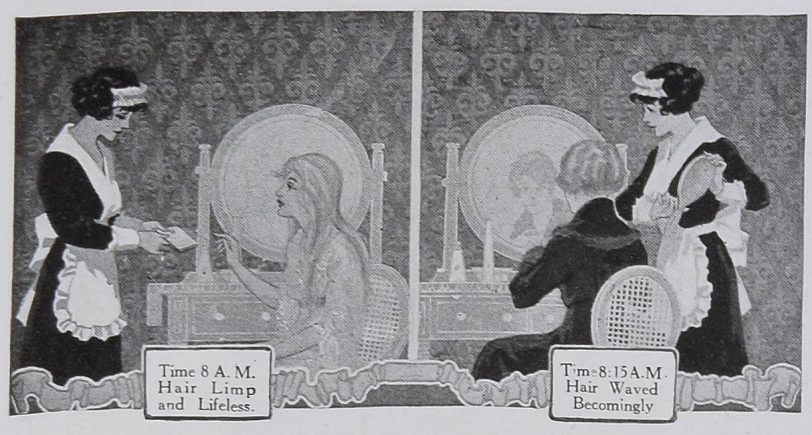
POLO, then much written about, attracted his attention in the spring of 1876. John C. Stevens had established racing in the North, and had brought about the intersectional matches between Eclipse and Henry, and Fashion and Boston; he had organized the Yacht Club and brought the Queen's Cup from England with the America; DeLancey Kane had brought coaching here, and coined the generic noun Tallyho; Edward La Montagne had interested us in racquets; William R. Travers had introduced stammering as a fine-art; Sam Ward and Billy Remsen had invented beverages that have outlived them; Ward McAlister had founded the four-hundred; Berry Wall had overdressed the dude more than did his English prototype, the masher; Leonard Jerome had made Jerome Park, and driven six horses where other whips tooled only four, and all these personages had become famous. Mr. Bennett would become immortal, with General Ferrer, as a father of polo. His friend and guest, the Viscount Mandeville, had seen the game and rode a steeplechase by holding fast to the cantle of his saddle at every jump,—in imitation of Freddie Hobson of England.

An emissary—Blasson, the riding master—brought from Texas to Dickel's riding-school, where the Union League Club now stands, forty ponies of the primitive, bronco type, ranging in height from twelve to fourteen hands; also a Texan, who showed the prospective players how to get onto the ponies' backs. The ponies had never eaten oats or been shod, and what grooming they got at Dickel's was done at arm's-length with the stable broom. Most of them had large heads and ewe necks, and were cow-hocked and very thin, having, on the journey, eaten little besides each other's manes and tails. They were a tough lot that could stand more banging on the legs with mallets than better-conditioned horses could have endured. When Bennett had selected the least objectionable ones, those men-about-town who had joined the Polo Club took their pick at seventy-five dollars per head.

THE polo ground was a stubble field at the head of the half-mile shute at Jerome Park, —so-called in honor of Leonard Jerome, who was the moving spirit, together with William R. Travers, in establishing it—mown with scythes, not rolled. There was a stone wall at one end, about twenty feet from the goal, and the carriages were lined up on one side close to the side line, and society turned out *en masse* to see the sport. The mallets, unwieldy implements, made of heavy wood with unwrapped cane handles, after Mandeville's instructions, were never raised above the height of the knee, according to a rule in the Hurlingham Club's book, so a bunt that drove the ball over the rough ground a few yards was the most that could be accomplished. Each player was provided with a red and a blue merino shirt and with a corresponding cap, like one of Maillard's bon-bon boxes, held onto the head by an elastic band. The first to arrive at Jerome Park played first. (*Continued on page 83*)



This string of our earliest polo ponies belonged to James Gordon Bennett. It was the first to include thoroughbreds and Hurlingham ponies imported from England. The photograph was made at Newport in 1879. Lily, at the left, was a 15-hand French thoroughbred, while Silver, at the far end, was English and measured 14.2. The others were of the bronco type



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The Overseas Dramatic Season

(*Continued from page 77*)

faithfully and well, and she don't deserve this disgrace.

SQUIRE (*bubbling and grabbing handfuls of his hair*): Kalte-Aufschnit! Dis iss too exasper-r-r-r-r-r-ration! If der goil vants hinaus zu go, ged ouid off her vay und let her go!

ANNA (*sobbing*): Yes, yes, let me go! Let me go! (*She starts to go, but David stops her.*)

DAVID (*passionately*): Father, if Anna is driven out that door, your son goes also!

SQUIRE (*takes three more steps forward, gets red in the face and dashes his hat to the floor*): Neffer! I haf some secret inflammation in der case! Der goil iss a sociable evil!

DAVID: Take care, Father! I am your son, and I don't want to forget that,—but I am a man, and you are insulting the woman I want to make my wife!

SQUIRE (*stretching his fists toward Heaven and jumping up and down*): Your wife, iss it? I kent make it seem pozzible. Esk her aboot der child in New Britain, Connecticut. Go ahead and esk her. . . . I am anticipation. . . . Ha, ha!

(*They all stand in tableau formation, aghast. Lew Fields, in the checkered suit, is standing at one side, throwing out side-long villain glances at intervals and adjusting his tie nervously. Anna goes up to C door, opens it wide and stands on the threshold, while the wind-machine in the wings speeds up and a handful of paper snow drifts in.*)

ANNA (*returning a few steps into the room*): Yes, you have hunted down the defenseless gel who only asked to earn her bread in your home. But there is the man, an honored guest at your table,—why don't you find out what his life has been? For he (*pointing at Ludwig Spielzeugle*) is the father-in-law of my child!

(*Spielzeugle adjusts his tie, chokes, and fixes his eyes on the second balcony as they all turn and look at him.*)

ANNA (*continuing*): And what is more, I arrest you and this man (*turning to the Squire*) for conspiracy under the Postal Savings Act. All this time, when you thought that I was but a poor helper in your house, I have been in the employ of the Creel Bureau of Public Information. I have heard of your and Spielzeugle's plot to destroy the Scenic Railways at Luna Park. I know of your association with that notorious German spy organization, the Society for the Advancement of French Pastry in the German Army. There are ten Intelligence officers outside in the snow, so come, get your things on, my fine fellows. You're coming with me, both of you.

(*Curtain*)

A few old favorites like this, given the proper twist by some patriotic society, would serve not only to entertain the boys, but to put the whole German nation in a decidedly unfavorable light.

To a Kite and a Girl

By George S. Chappell

GONE, gone! my dearest love
Who, in the skies above,
Kite-like, unruly,
Danced on a slender twine,
Bond which I counted mine;
Was it so, truly?

Thus was my Loved One lost,
Fragile and tempest-tossed,
Toy of the weather,
And, when the bond was reft
Only a doubt was left,—
Who held the tether?

THE LOG OF THE U-152

(*Continued from page 71*)

American army." And, with that, I tore up all the stamps. He saw the beauty of the idea at once and, between the two of us, we purchased 543 five-dollar stamps, at a reduced rate, and destroyed them. Our German efficiency will soon teach these Yankee pigs not to trifle with a superior race.

Friday, June 7. Met the head of our German spy system in Hoboken. He took me aside and gave me some very startling news. All that I have seen, all that I have been told, in this country, he said, is absolutely true. Upon his word as a German, he said, the Americans had practically ONE MILLION men in France; three million more will be in training by August 1st, and if necessary, two million more after that. They are constructing airplanes by the thousands, and I am told by credible authorities that the shipbuilders can put a ship in the water forty-eight days after the keel has been laid.

Saturday, June 8. Thirteen of my men deserted to-day to become American citizens. Met four more German agents. All confirmed the reports of my friend in Hoboken. Realize now that the Admiral and Emperor have been greatly misinformed about matters in America. Feel it my duty to return to Zeebrugge promptly and put the naked truth before them. Hope to be promoted for doing so.

July 4. En route to Zeebrugge. To-day I passed four American transports, loaded to the gunwales with soldiers. Many firecrackers. Many American flags. National holiday. The Admiral and the Emperor will be greatly interested when they hear the truth about America from my lips. There are some things I can tell that will be news to them. I certainly expect promotion and the Grand Order of the Pink Dachshund with Feathers.

July 10. Zeebrugge at last. Hard time getting into the harbor. Twelve concrete ships, English design, left in the channel, apparently by mistake. Don't know who left them. The Great Highborn Admiral will see me to-morrow.

July 12. (From the *Zeebrugge Lokal Anzeiger*): *"At nine o'clock last night, in the public square at Zeebrugge, one of the most interesting events of the season was enjoyed by a large and representative crowd of German citizens. Captain Adolph Emil Eisenbann, after a brief interview with Admiral von Tirpitz, marched to the public square and—for reasons not stated by the authorities—made it possible for the German citizens to witness a splendid demonstration of the efficiency of our justly celebrated Mauser rifles. The captain effectually stopped thirty bullets in three seconds. The captain, on his recent journey to America, witnessed the complete destruction of New York, Baltimore and Boston, by a flotilla of German U-boats."*

THE BEGINNINGS OF POLO

(*Continued from page 81*)

The first donned a red; the next a blue shirt, and so on, the players, sometimes twenty or thirty in all, ranging themselves, according to their color, on the side of the captains, generally Bennett and Mandeville, who took positions at their respective goals. The ball being placed in the middle of the field, the captains charged at each other, as did the knights of old in their tournaments. If the captains failed to strike the ball, which was usually the case, their ten or a dozen followers took a chance at it in turn. The ponies had a trick of herding, common with half-wild horses. They would lean against one another and each one would put its neck over that of the one next to it. There was nothing to be done but to dismount and begin over again.

LATER on, Bennett rented a house with grounds suitable for a polo field adjoining Jerome Park, and established the Westchester Polo Club. This became the fashionable rendezvous twice a week throughout the spring. Most of the players had not ridden a horse before, for nobody in New York rode, and the others had crude ideas about both riding and playing polo. Bennett was the rules and by-laws, and frequently a number of members, after hurrying away from their offices and journeying out to the club, would be told that they could not play because Mr. Bennett required the grounds for a match he had arranged the night before, after dinner. Then, when he went to Newport, he closed the club to the members that remained behind, and took the Westchester Polo Club to Newport, where it has remained ever since.

At the end of the Newport season this set withdrew from the game, which was taken up seriously by the younger element, and, later, was organized and brought to its present form.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

(*Continued from page 57*)

tive. It could be used for the bed covering, as well, if lined with a plain white sateen and made with very wide ruffling; an allover flowered chintz for the bed would also combine well with this plan. Rag rugs on the floor, in the tones which predominate in the wall-paper, would be appropriate. The oval rugs are particularly quaint. If the ivory colour furniture needs a little brightening up, it would be attractive to paint a tiny nosegay of old-fashioned flowers in appropriate places.

Mr. F. W. C.—A simple bungalow in the country is practically completed, except for a few necessary lamps and shades. What style of inexpensive lamp shades would be suitable for a house of this character? So frequently an otherwise pleasing interior is entirely spoiled by ugly accessories that one hesitates to invest in the usual cheap variety on sale.

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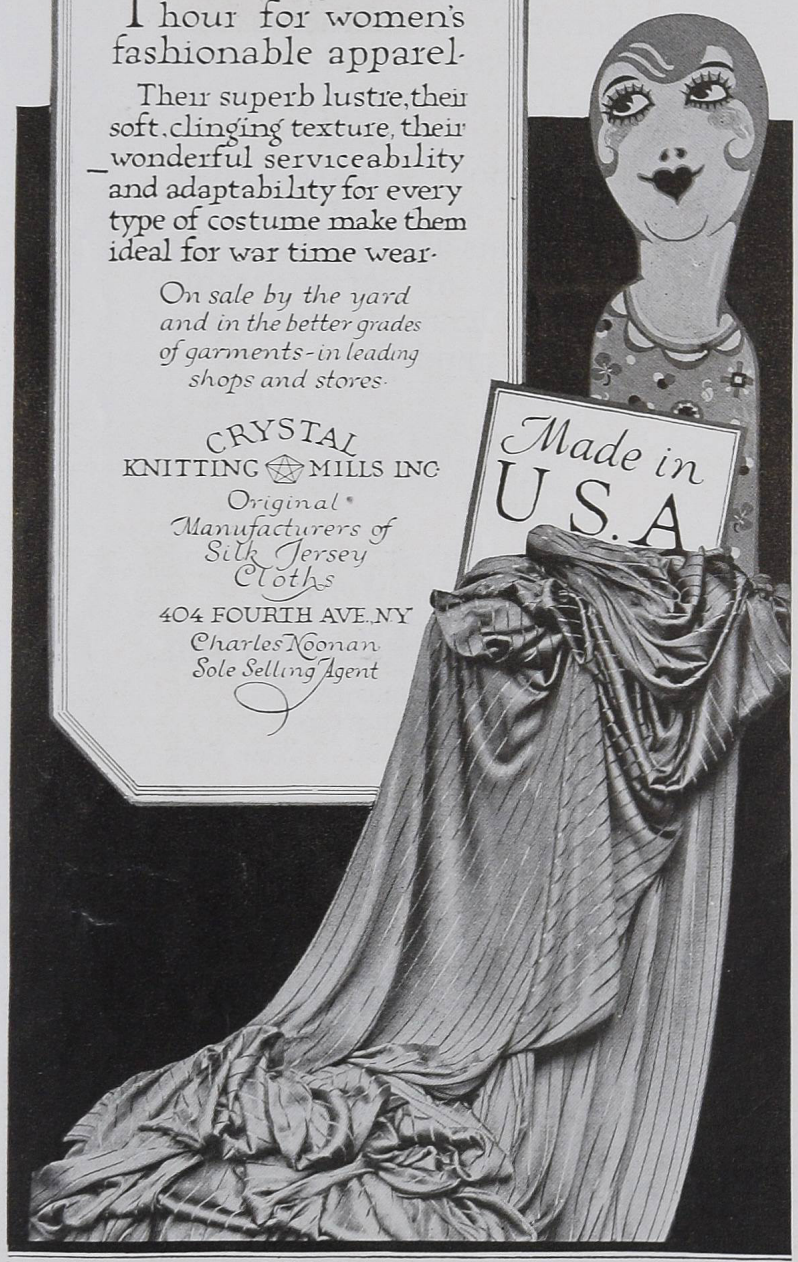

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A Record Theatrical Tour

(*Continued from page 75*)

Providence, Monday, May 20. Good old Burr McIntosh wept and implored them not to disgrace Providence by allowing us to play to less than in Wilmington; he urged them to come across for the programme and force the receipts up beyond those of the aforementioned town. Somebody here must have hated Wilmington with a Hun-like fury. The bidding was splendid, and the autographed programme finally realized $8,500. Imagine it!

Here, in Providence, our manager solved the difficulty of favoritism among our lady stars. Just as everybody has one favorite German who should not be interned, so every manager has one favorite star who is the Saturn of his heavens. Well, Mr. Walton Bradford had to choose which of the stars he would put first in commandeering the taxis at the depot—for Mrs. Fiske, Miss Julia Arthur, Miss Helen Ware, Miss Beryl Mercer, Madame Cisneros or me. The Lord helped him in this way. Burr McIntosh has been so incapacitated by an accident to his foot that he has to use a wheel-chair. So it is sweet now to see how "Braddy"—when we reach a station—rushes for a wheel-chair for McIntosh and leaves the stars' maids to scramble for taxis for their mistresses.

Boston, Tuesday, May 21. To-night I gave my "swan song"—I got $500 for the Red Cross for doing an imitation of Chauncey Olcott. It is not the fear of any loss of dignity that stops me from doing it again, but the dread of losing Chauncey's regard. Methinks he has looked at me with menacing eyes—ever since.

Why are people afraid of others? I want most frightfully to talk to Mrs. Fiske, but one rarely sees her, and the only opening speech I can think of is "Do you play bridge?" If she should say "No," where do I go from there?

So many people try to flatter me, to flatter us all. It is very trying. One should try to see through the molasses of flattery, to see that what we need is discipline—a sort of mental hair-shirt. If life becomes too slippery and easy, one slides down to the bottom of it. To *slide upward* would be against the law of things. One must *climb*, and climbing means effort, and effort means something not easy to me. *My* hair shirt was a fling at Shakespeare. I'm going to try on the same shirt again, but I intend to wear it in a different manner—inside out. Just as every cloud has a silver lining, I am sure every hair shirt must have a bald spot!

Louisville, Tuesday, May 28. We went to the races in the afternoon. George Cohan has a fine system for losing money at horse racing. He backed No. 4 on the card, in all seven races. But someone must have done a lot of underhand work, for in no race of the seven that day did No. 4 win. Even a horse called "American Eagle" No. 4, failed to respond to George's unadulterated red-white-and-blue vibrations.

Now, on to Columbus! Christopher! What a large country our own United States is! As an English comedian who traveled it for the first time, said, "Why give Columbus credit for *discovering* America? How could he possibly miss it?"

Columbus, Thursday, May 30. Here was a most earnest proof of patriotism. A small taxicab owner had his half-dozen taxicabs waiting at the station for us, after another hot, sticky night in the obnoxious bandboxes which the railroads name so prettily. Ours was named "Belle Center," and only the first letter needed to be changed to fit the car as tightly as we did. He (the taxi man) slammed the doors with great pride and called to the drivers, "No charge!" He explained that he was only a poor man, but that he was happy to do this little bit for the Red Cross. He had been waiting there since seven o'clock—the train was due at that time, but was three hours late—to see us all attended to. It was a small thing, perhaps, but it was tremendously impressive.

Now we go on to Cleveland; and then to Pittsburgh, a city that has been willing to pay—in advance of our coming—*premiums of over $100,000* to see the play. *One hundred thousand dollars,* in addition to the price of the seats, for one performance!!! I only pray that they may have cool weather.

Pittsburgh, Saturday, June 1. An example to prove the truth of the scriptural proverb: "The first shall be last and the last shall be first." The first city of dollars-and-cents patriotism we are playing last. Mr. Moore, who married the beauteous Lillian Russell, took some of us for a ride to see the beauties of Pittsburgh. From the top of a green hill we were invited to look down at the smoky town. Personally, I shut my eyes and thought of Lillian Russell. Have you ever seen her—as a close-up? Oh, Lady, Lady! Sea-green, blue, or were they grey eyes? Soft, baby blonde hair! A mouth with a sort of faculty for uncurling! A sweet voice! I wish God had let Himself run wild like that when He made *my* face.

It was so warm that Mrs. Fiske found sufficient excuse to push her desire for solitude to extreme limits. We searched the theatre for her, without result, but at last discovered her on the roof. She was *dressing on the roof.* She is a most feminine, darling person, and why she withdraws her gentle self from us is a Sam Lloyd puzzle. Good-bye, Mrs. Fiske! I know now how Dante felt at never knowing Beatrice.

David Warfield helped the great auction here at Pittsburgh. Some auctioneer! Over $100,000 worth! The Pittsburgh burghers were marvellous. The loosening of their purse-strings did not at all mean the tightening of their souls. They poured out their enthusiasm for us as generously as they had poured out their gold, and when, at last, they went over the top for the programme with $20,500, *twenty thousand five hundred dollars* (*the record*) the curtain was raised, and we of the stage applauded the audience. They applauded us. We gave three cheers for them. They gave three cheers for us, and we were as happy as two people in love, two people who admire each other *in* each other so thoroughly that the whole world seems heaven and the two of them the only perfect specimens of the Celestial.

New York, Sunday, June 2. Home! Room to walk about! A basin in which water runs really *hot* and really *cold!* A bed that stays tranquil! And the calm old Hudson to look out upon!

"Jacqueline"
No 2510

"Evelyn"
No 1956

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Six or sixteen, pretty lassies of all ages love their Jack Tar Togs – Jack Tar's simple, graceful, tailored styles and pretty color combinations enhance their youthful loveliness. Middies, dresses, smocks, bloomers, skirts – rub 'em, tub 'em, scrub 'em, they come up smiling. At good shops everywhere.

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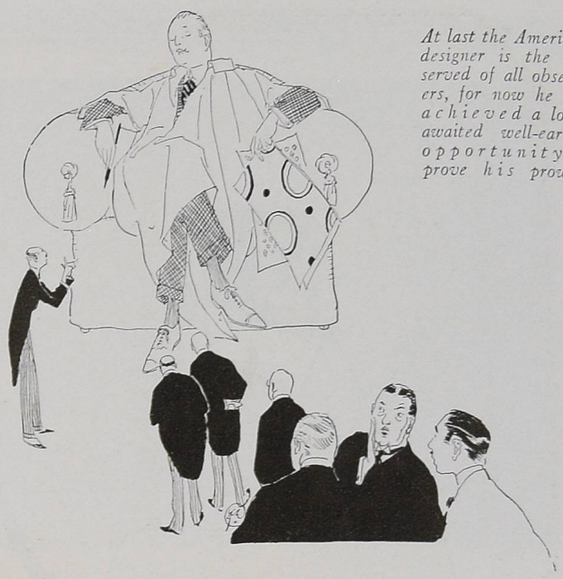

At last the American designer is the observed of all observers, for now he has achieved a long-awaited well-earned opportunity to prove his prowess

THE HIGH COST OF DRESSING

(*Continued from page 53*)

is to cause American merchandise to be judged strictly upon its own merits. Any stigma which was attached to the term "made in America" has been dissipated. Since the cutting off of foreign products it has been definitely established that a number of things which heretofore were sold, if not by actual statement, at least by intimation, as imported goods, were really made here and that some of these are exceedingly creditable productions. There is, for instance, one very high class line of wool goods made in this country, which for years has been sold side by side with foreign products without its bearing any mark of distinction. Many people have supposed it to be imported, and it is only now that so few foreign textiles are to be had that people are really realizing that this is an American line. So great is the confidence of the firm which manufactures this wool goods that they guarantee to refund the price of the material of any coat or suit bearing the trade-marked name of the texture, in which the quality, durability, and price of the material do not give satisfaction throughout the life of the material. In this war time when every woman feels that she must make every dollar buy a dollar's worth, it is very satisfying to know that material of this kind can be made in this country.

THE AMERICAN COMES INTO HIS OWN

To-day is the heyday of the American manufacturer or the American who has creative ability of any kind. Great strides have been made recently in industrial art in this country, and a systematic campaign has been conducted by an association known as the Art Alliance of America to raise the standard of this branch of art throughout the United States. Any one who has followed the progress of textile design during the years which have passed since the opening of the war must feel greatly encouraged as to the ability of America to do worth-while work of this kind. Very recently some extremely creditable things in the way of costume design have also been done, and it would seem that out of the present chaos and struggle there may come progress for America along a line in which this country had not before developed.

It is interesting to note how the Japanese have come forward in the present crisis. There is scarce a shop upon Fifth Avenue but now displays wares from this country. With an enterprise and a quick appreciation of the exigencies of the case, the Japanese have come forward with any number of things which we have heretofore gotten from the European countries. The Japanese are the most marvelous imitators and can reproduce with astonishing accuracy much of the exquisite workmanship of France and the neighboring nations. They have also done wonders in the matter of toys. As every one knows, before the war all the fascinating things which Kriss Kringle brought in his pack came from Germany, and it seemed for a while as though Christmas morning must prove a time of sad disillusionment instead of a long-anticipated delight. The little yellow man of the Far East, however, stepped into the breach, and the things which Santa Claus brought last season from across the Pacific proved quite as acceptable as the offerings of previous years which made their way down American chimneys by way of the Atlantic route. The field of toys is one in which it is to be hoped that America will soon find a place. There surely must be men and women here with the particular kink in their brains which will enable them to construct things representing just the combination of humour and ingenuity which goes to make a really successful plaything. The psychology of childhood is at once a subtle and a simple thing, and it is curious that a country such as Germany should have fathomed it. This is, however, a fact, and it is now the part of America to achieve a like mastery of the gentle science of toy making, not only in the way of imitation, but of invention.

The Boulevard—

featuring the tailored mode for Fall

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RAVNAK

48 WEST 38TH STREET
NEW YORK

Our untrimmed shapes are America's most exclusive
Ask to see them at your dealer's

DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME

(*Continued from page 51*)

appropriate when worn with an elaborate afternoon dress, or with a blouse of Georgette crêpe or other transparent material. Price, $7.75.

Another type of corset cover, excellent for the woman who is a little too stout for satin shoulder bands and lace trimmed camisoles, is shown in the middle at the top of page 51. It is cut on the same lines in the back as those shown in the front and may be had in cotton or silk material, edged with fine lace or embroidery. It takes the place, to a certain extent, of the brassière and fastens snugly at one side of the waist. Price, $2.25 in batiste; $3.75 in crêpe de Chine.

The brassière in the middle of page 51 is very new in line, as well as in material. It is developed in paraknit cloth, which is an open work, knitted, elastic material. This brassière fastens in the back and has a tendency to hold the bust in place without pushing it up or down or to the front. It is finished with plain satin or brocaded material designated as the diaphragm strip. This strip is so placed as to give support to the diaphragm which other brassières seldom properly care for. There are shoulder straps of the material. This, too, is a wonderful innovation, as a brassière usually has wide and ugly shoulder straps that appear outside of the regulation camisole or corset cover.

A cleverly constructed corset is shown in a light weight material made without the lacings at the back or front. It is shaped according to the fashions of the day; each piece is put together under a strip of satin material, and in the front, where the fastening occurs, pink satin is used. The steels are so placed that the proper support is given without causing the slightest discomfort. Steels are also used across the back, and a band of elastic marks the waist. These corsets, sketched at the top of page 51, are shown in white and in flesh, trimmed with materials such as cotton, brocade, or plain satin, and in the women's sizes they are priced from $4 to $10. The model shown at the right is very popular with athletic women or women who are very active. The misses' corset is somewhat different from the women's. It is made of narrow bands of elastic material with no lacings anywhere. It is lightly boned and a straight piece of the brocade is used in front where the fastenings occur. The price is $3.50 in cotton; in brocade, $5, and in satin, $7.50.

The negligée at the lower left is excellent in style as well as in value and is made of flesh crêpe de Chine of a very heavy quality, trimmed with narrow fluted ruffles of white net and run with cross bands of Valenciennes insertion. Pink satin ribbons outline a princess line back and front and tie at the bottom of the V at the front. It may be had in a number of pastel colours, hand-made. Price, $22.50.

One of the loveliest robes d'intérieur seen this season is in dark red duvetyn lined with a soft orchid pink crêpe de Chine, perfectly plain and softly draped. It fastens at the shoulder where a large hand-tailored buttonhole and a large Chinese tassel of red silk are used. The tassel and fastening are repeated at one side, and the robe is bound with heavy crêpe de Chine to match in colour. Three-quarter length sleeves are used and the lining shows at all the openings. A pattern of this robe will be cut in size 36 for $3; in other sizes, with a pinned as well as a flat pattern, for $4.

SOCIETY AT THE GYMKHANA

(*Continued from page 45*)

amusing.

Quite as interesting were the airplane flights. A big Italian Caproni biplane made a number of flights from the Mineola field carrying passengers from the gymkhana. A small Spad scout plane awed and delighted the spectators by its gyrations, hiding behind clouds that seemed practically transparent, and then darting out to perform amazing feats.

The spectators were many in number and included a large number of well-known people. Miss Joan Whitney, with several military cavaliers in attendance, looked exceedingly smart in a white sports suit with a black velvet sports coat and tam-o'-shanter to match. A number of these velvet sports coats were worn, confirming the prediction that women will take to velvet for warmth as a substitute for wool. Sports coats of delicately toned faille were worn by a number of smart women, and these were very good looking. Usually they were sleeved, and one of the smartest of them, which was made of a rather warm shade of yellow faille, resembled in the front a rather closely cut unbelted Norfolk jacket. It was perfectly straight under the arms, and from under the box plaits on each side of the front there emerged ends which were knotted and allowed to hang for a foot or more over the white sports skirt. Knitted ribbon sweaters were considerably in evidence, and the best looking of them were either black or dark blue.

One of the smartest sports costumes of the afternoon was worn by Mrs. A. Perry Osborne, who sold programmes. Over a white skirt and blouse she wore a sweater of black artificial silk with horizontal white stripes. Her narrow-brimmed sailor hat was made of a very fine black and white checked silk taffeta with a band of the narrowest black grosgrain ribbon tied about it, and she wore white flat-heeled pumps, rimmed at the top, and heeled and tipped with black. Pumps and oxfords in which strongly contrasting combinations of leather are employed were much in evidence. For the first time this type of shoe is to be taken up by well-dressed people.

Numberless capes were worn, usually in soft velours or gabardine. Mrs. George Baker, junior, who was one of the most smartly costumed women present, wore a cape of soft taupe tan velours with a most unusual collar having a little bit of deep self-coloured fringe at the back. Her broad flat hat of a harmonizing tone drooped at the sides and was just a trifle peaked at the front. From below the cape there peeped out the scalloped edge of her frock of cream coloured handkerchief linen. Her small daughter, Florence, was a delight in a short-waisted frock of white batiste, embroidered with a bit of colour about the top, and her hat of old-blue handkerchief linen was circular and drooped about the face.

SIMPLE LINES—BUT SIMPLY PARIS

(*Continued from page 43*)

The gardens and hedges are as perfectly kept as if there were no war, and are a joy to the eyes. Madame de Madrazo, the wife of the great Spanish painter, always receives on Sundays; tea is served in the garden, and all the women are exquisite in their light transparent dresses. In spite of the events of the moment, they show an elegance which is none the less perfect because it is discreet. Foulards with embroidered dots are much worn, and one sees a great many piqué skirts and woollen waistcoats in light colours—men's waistcoats, not women's; the secret of their chic lies in that. White hats and shoes are worn with white skirts. While there is nothing especially new in the dresses themselves, there is a great deal of novelty in the details of the toilettes.

DETAILS OF THE TOILETTE

Parasols have big rustic handles, instead of shell or enamel. They are of plain silk, and the most fashionable thing of all is to have them like men's sun-umbrellas, of beige linen lined with green. For women these are made of silk, with a hooked handle which hangs on one's arm; this umbrella has an astonishing amount of style.

We are very glad to leave town, but since we have no more autos, we have been forced to make changes in our dress to suit the necessarily increased formality of travelling by train, so we set out for the country in tailored clothes. The tailored suit of pongee or striped woollen material, with its short jacket and its belt of the same material, is always worn with a blouse or waistcoat of piqué or white linen with a shawl collar. Sometimes only the skirt is striped, and the jacket is plain. With grey or beige hats, stockings and shoes and gloves to match are always worn.

As soon as one arrives in the country one puts on a pretty tea-gown for dinner, of black or white chiffon. There is always a silk or wool cape to go with this to wear on the terrace after dinner or for a walk by moonlight among the box hedges and borders, laid out in the eighteenth century style. Isn't it a delight to express our confidence in the future to five or six friends gathered together, to keep up our traditions of elegance just as if the pessimists weren't prophesying that to-morrow we shouldn't have money enough to buy any pretty dresses? The truth is that we shall always have pretty clothes because women are too fond of all the things that make them more beautiful and attractive not to find some way of getting them. They may give up travelling and entertaining, but you may be sure that they will never give up Paris frocks. Meantime, in spite of the war, women take charming creations on their week-end trips. A charming *saut-de-lit* is one of the necessities, for one often breakfasts with the friend who has the next room. The colours of this garment should harmonize with the room, and there are materials which seem to be especially made with that idea in mind and come in all the beautiful tones of old lacquer. A *saut-de-lit* of this kind is not trimmed with lace—that is too banal and old-fashioned—but with gold passementerie or gold lace, and embroidered in gold thread. From their material and cut alone these negligées have a classic charm.

WAISTCOATS OF MANY COLOURS

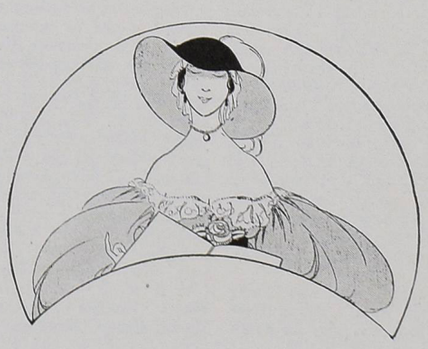
For luncheon, when the train from Paris brings the guests, the women wear their pretty coloured waistcoats of wool or silk tricot, or satin or velvet; they are of all shapes and sizes, and belong to every period. The one essential thing is that the colours should be bright, and a table surrounded by women in these gay waistcoats is as gay as the flowers of the centrepiece. Hats are all white, preferably, to match the shoes and skirts.

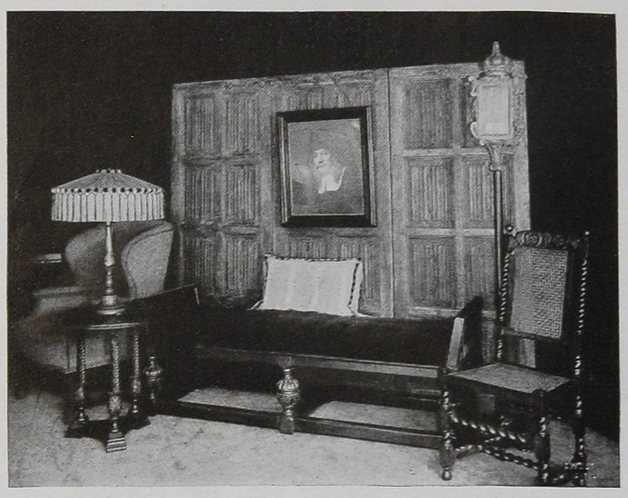
Among the most marvellous of wartime country places must be mentioned the one belonging to Miss Morgan, Miss de Wolfe, and Miss Marbury, at Versailles. We have sketched a simple filmy white dinner dress worn by Miss de Wolfe, and designed by Chéruit. This is perfect of its kind for a summer dress, with or without a train. I am wondering how Miss de Wolfe, who strikes such a personal note in her elegance of attire, will manage the bright red bit of ribbon which she has received as the insignia of the Legion of Honour. She has just been made "Chevalier," and we are wondering how that scrap of colour will be combined with the dress harmonies for which she is famous. We shall see, and perhaps we shall have a surprise.

AN AMERICAN CAMP

Two thousand of her compatriots are encamped in the village of Saint-Aignant near the château which formerly belonged to the Mérode family and is now the property of the house of de la Roche Aymon. An American policeman guards the tower of the old château which no one is allowed to enter, and the sight of this strange guardian with his club has a fascination not unmixed with fear for the simple peasants who wonder at him almost as much as they do at the enormous quantities of boiled water consumed by the Allied soldiers. In the woods near the château enormous leather bottles are hung from trees, and men are specially detailed to attend to the important duty of keeping these bottles filled with boiled water. It reminds us of the amazement with which the European, just landed in America, observed the quantity of ice-water served in all the restaurants, hotels, and tea-rooms. Apparently no American can begin the day without a glass of ice-water. "Without ice," I kept saying all day, wherever I went. For, rightly or wrongly, we have the fixed idea, in France, that so much ice-water must be bad for us. I am very much afraid that at Saint-Aignant, even if they have plenty of water, the American troops will have no chance of getting ice, but, like brave fellows, they will fight on without it.

J. R. F.





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Price each $1 $12 dozen

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Price each $1 $12 dozen

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Price each 85¢ $10 dozen

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Price each 85¢ $10 dozen

These are the balls that most of the good players are using. They fly straight and true. They stand up under punishment. They give the player confidence in his game. They are the great joy-bringers and score-reducers.

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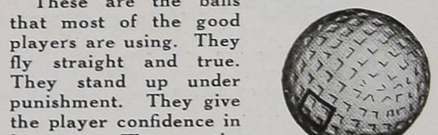
Price each 65¢ $7.80 dozen



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To Complete Them

A dish of berries is twice better with thin, crisp, flavory Puffed Grains scattered in it.

In a bowl of milk there is nothing so good as these flimsy, toasted bubbles of grain.

They are like airy nut-meats on a dish of ice cream. No other garnish is half so enticing.

In soups they are ready-toasted morsels with texture as light as a snowflake.

Puffed Grains are the star foods among all breakfast dainties. But nearly every meal has a place for them.

And between meals, every child loves to eat them dry or doused with melted butter.

Puffed Rice — Corn Puffs — Puffed Wheat

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Each 15c—Except in Far West

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Puffed Grains are scientific grain foods, prepared by Prof. Anderson's process. Every food cell is exploded, so every atom feeds. By these explosions the grains are puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size.

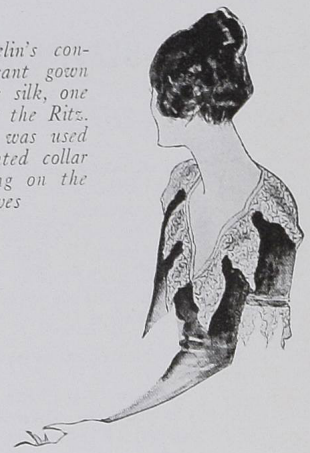
By no other process are grain foods so fitted to digest. Every ounce is an ounce of clear nutrition. And their ease of digestion makes them all-hour foods.

Let children eat them in any way, at any time they will.

The Quaker Oats Company

Chicago

(1943)



Mrs. Arthur Iselin's conservative restaurant gown was of dull blue silk, one daylit evening at the Ritz. Yellow old lace was used for the flat pointed collar and the trimming on the short sleeves

FASHIONS IN NEW YORK

(*Continued from page 35*)

tom it is almost misleading to speak of it as a bell. None the less, it does bell out, and while it is difficult to conceive it without actually having seen the garment, the line is very graceful. Sometimes it is developed beneath a series of scant scalloped ruffles of serge which encircle the figure from hip to ankle, for these new skirts of bell type are all of them very long. At other times the bell finds its most pronounced expression in a shaped panel at the very front of the skirt, or is subtly suggested in the draping of the garment. The idea is capable of many different interpretations, but in all its forms it is interesting; and in many of the garments it is a particularly happy type of dress for the woman who is not so fortunate as to be slender.

Some very interesting new blouses which are adaptations of recent French models have little aprons at the front. This serves to connect the upper and lower parts of the figure and does not give the unpleasant cut-off appearance which is so often associated with the separate blouse and skirt. Some of the most interesting models of this type are developed in a new material called "arlette," which is a silk fabric of jersey weave, almost as sheer as a Georgette crêpe but less transparent.

A number of beaver hats are to be worn, we are told, and with them veils in warm shades of tan and brown and green, which offer a pleasant contrast to the navy blue veils which have been so much in evidence this summer. In a soft, pink, biscuit tone which is quite unlike the shades which have heretofore been seen in veiling, these new meshes are vastly becoming, giving a charmingly soft and delicate appearance to the skin.

DINING BY DAYLIGHT

Owing to the setting ahead of the clock, the dinner hour now finds the sun streaming down from a brilliant heaven, and strange it is to see women in decolleté gowns with uncovered arms dining in the full glare of the sun's rays, as is not infrequently the case at the smart roof gardens. Just as many people as ever are patronizing the Ritz roof this season, and every night finds all of the tables taken. One notes that a number of the more carefully gowned women have altered their costumes to a greater appropriateness for daylight wear, and scarfs are much in evidence. A smart woman who dined the other night on the Ritz roof wore an effective costume which was of what appeared to be black charmeuse made up on the wrong side. The hat was of the same material with a band of straggling black feathers laid flatly on the brim, and a little knot of the same sort of feathers on the back. Its wearer had on a large string of pearls and close pearl earrings. Over her shoulder she had thrown a long, dull, charmeuse scarf.

Mrs. Arthur Iselin, who was dining there that evening, wore a conservative type of frock which was also an excellent choice. It was of some old-fashioned silk suggesting faille, in a dull blue shade, and about the neck there was a flat pointed collar of yellow old lace.

THE EVENING FROCK AT HOME

When entertainments are given in private homes, however, the strictly formal dress of the midwinter still prevails. At the concert given at the home of Mrs. Benjamin Guinness for the benefit of the one-time pupils of the National Conservatory in Paris and for the Millicent Sutherland Ambulance, this fact was evidenced. Mrs. Philip Lydig sponsored her usual very decolleté type of gown, and her coiffure had been supplemented with a tortoise-shell comb which was distinctly effective for her Latin type. The smoke grey wrap which was thrown over the back of her chair was banded at the top with black fur. Mrs. James Lowell Putnam wore an unusual scarf of black and gold brocade, banded with fur.

Very lovely was the combination of the unspotted ermine of her wrap with the silvery hair of the Baroness de Meyer, which was banded with black jet to harmonize with the black jet of the gown which she wore beneath it.

Several important weddings have occurred during the fortnight. In her home at Holmwood on Laurel Lake, Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt was married to Mr. Raymond T. Baker, Director of the United States Mint. Showers which fell most of the day caused a change in the original plans for the wedding, which had first been arranged to take place on the lawn, but which was finally held in the large reception room of the house. Quantities of pink and white peonies and syringas, grown on Mrs. Vanderbilt's own estate, made an appropriate and charming decoration. Mrs. Vanderbilt was gowned in flesh coloured chiffon, made very simply. The gown was cut square at the neck, and with it she wore pearls and a large flat hat of delicate pink straw, faced with Georgette crêpe of the same shade, and trimmed with deeper pink roses. Her bouquet of mauve orchids was tied with satin ribbon of a contrasting shade. Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, who was her only attendant, wore a gown of white chiffon with a low bodice and flaring sleeves.

Despite the fact that the season had advanced almost to summer, the wedding of Miss Helen Gertrude Alexander, daughter of Mr. Martyn Alexander, to Lieutenant Philip Kip Rhinelander, U. S. R., attached to the 107th Infantry, took place at St. Thomas's Church. Lieutenant Rhinelander had received emergency orders and the wedding had to be hastened, so relatives and friends were summoned by telephone. Notwithstanding this, the bride wore a formal wedding-gown of white satin, veiled with rose-point lace. Her three attendants were Miss Adelaide Kip Rhinelander (the sister of the bridegroom) and the Misses Geraldine Fitzgerald Adee and Marion Carey Dinsmore.

PRETENCE IN DECORATION

(*Continued from page 55*)

owners. A few houses declare themselves frankly; the others dissemble, they imitate, they employ the eternal camouflage,—charming, certainly, but not suitable. I'd rather see a certain well-known millionaire's house (for with all its enormities of style, it is frankly a millionaire's house) than a house of the Knickerbocker Club type, which is a proper expression of a well-bathed gentleman, and nothing more."

"Well, I prefer the well-bathed gentleman," said the decorator, "until you architects can produce something as subtly gorgeous as a Byzantine palace in Venice for your millionaires, or something as audacious as those black and white houses in Berkeley Square for your clubmen."

"We can produce the houses when men have the courage of their positions," said the architect, "but our plutocrats want to pose as feeble purists. I am trying to build a house for a man who has the strength and vividness of a doge of Venice or of King Solomon, but he insists on sitting in a putty-coloured office with neutral walls and neutral carpet and pale etchings all around him. There is nothing neutral about the man, but he can work and think in this barren place, which gives the lie to his character. It is as affected as a lisp in an old woman."

THE LINE OF LEAST RESISTANCE

"Not at all," said the decorator. "He sits in this emaciated room exactly as his father sat in a golden oak office, and his grandfather in an atmosphere of green baize and tortured walnut. The business man, per se, has no affectations because he has no ideas of art. He accepts the things offered him, but feels a bit self-conscious if he departs from the roller-top desk of his youth. The moment he begins to find joy in things, as things, he runs away from putty-coloured hangings and etchings. They are probably an expression of his old-maid cousin, who has had a year of decorating and has her own ideas as to how a great man should surround himself."

"It is the fashion to decry any vivid expression in architecture or decoration as overdone," said the architect. "The Deering house at Miami, for instance, is a proper expression of the man who owns it, a princely domain for a bachelor of extravagant wealth."

"Magnificence apparently comes more easily to women," said the decorator. "There is one woman in New York now who has spent twenty years collecting the things, tangible and intangible, that go to make up the most faultless house in New York. So careful of detail is she that her whole house, which is outwardly a replica of a Florentine villa, is lighted by candles. She employs a man, year in and year out, to paint candles. This lady has carried her standards of excellence to a minute degree. It is not sufficient for her that a bibelot should be of the time of Marie Antoinette, it must have belonged to Marie Antoinette!

"Imagine finding a place for new novels and gaudy magazines in this rare atmosphere.

THE PLEASANT PRETENCE OF MODESTY

"I know another lady of untold millions (happy phrase) who is like your putty-coloured plutocrat. She pretends to be modest, but it is a very pleasant pretence. She wears priceless pearls and has all her furniture slip-covered in chintz and cretonne. It amuses her, and goodness knows it is preferable to the padded silk and gilt of some of her neighbours. I admit I like to see luxury well done. I should like to hang a dressing-table with crumbling lace, and then pull up a painted chair of one of my precious ironed-out periods, as you call them, and powder my nose from a pink pasteboard box. I'd like to live in a magic age, like this one, with all the treasures of the world to draw on, but with no dates, no price-marks to bother me. Then I could mix a gala pie!"

"You'd probably walk past all the lovely marble in the world and cover your walls with marbleized paper," said the architect bitterly. "How you decorators can descend to any such trickery as marbleizing is beyond me. Such imitation is possible only in the feeble ages which ran to other periods for their art. The Adam, the Directoire, the Pompeian periods are all stolen, and therefore weakened expressions. The Adam period was a bloodless colourless one of too much plaster. The Directoire was the beginning of the Empire, the most odiously pretentious of them all, and the Pompeians simply took the Greeks' ideas and added five cents worth of paint to them."

PRETENCE AND ARTIFICE

"I don't agree with you at all," said the decorator. "The Adam period is certainly now characterized as a prim and attenuated one, though the Adam brothers did have some elaborate adventures in refinement in their day. But the Directoire is refinement plus colour, the lily gilded. I imagine an Adams lady as a spinster with thin hands and a white lace fichu, but the Directoire lady, despite her artifice of being Greek, probably painted her cheeks charmingly. And while the Pompeians certainly went to Greece and Etruria for their inspirations, they brought colour and extravagance to their borrowings.

"I don't like pretence, but I do like artifice. I don't like a marbleized column that pretends to be a marble one, but I adore a painted column that is frankly paint and nothing more. It is not a new fashion to imitate marble. The Spaniards and Italians did it all the time. It is not merely characteristic of the Empire period, with which we nowadays associate it. Amos Lawrence has a little summer shop at Magnolia with an entrance hall covered in an old marbleized paper, delicate pilasters and marbleized panels, that gives me more joy than any real marble I've seen in a long time. Marbleized paper is not pretentious, it is simply a medium which has a playful quality. I dare say the first man who lined his books with marbleized paper was considered quite mad, and yet now we accept this bit of marbleizing as a part of bookbinding. It rather pleases me to do a little washroom with these pretended marble blocks of paper, laid on like bricks, and so bring this fanciful paper back to its first use.

THE EXPEDIENT OF MARBLEIZING

"A New York architect who took a shabby old house and rejuvenated it has made a really wonderful dining-room by this simple expedient of marbleizing, which you so detest. Certainly he would not have employed real marbles in an old house, even if he could have afforded them. Against the pale yellowish marbled walls he has used a collection of furniture of every age, of every kind, and it is no more incongruous than a library of fiction and philosophy.

"Another room of this sort is a Directoire room of pale pink walls, tall lapis lazuli pilasters with gold caps, a malachite-green cornice, and a black baseboard. Here is a room in which half a dozen marbles are imitated, and yet so cleverly is it done that your only feeling is of pleasure in its artifice. It is in no way pretentious. The built-in cupboard doors have mullions, but no glass in them, and are backed with tightly shirred cur-

(*Continued on page 90*)

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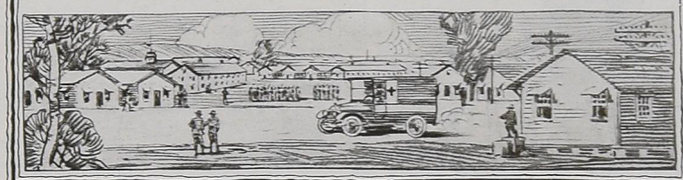

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PRETENCE IN DECORATION

(*Continued from page 89*)

tains of pale rose and grass-green changeable silk that might have been intended for a lady's petticoat. And yet against this playful background really fine furniture, old gilt, and a small font of real marble, are quite right. Restraint is much more the quality of the room than pretence, and yet everything about it is makeshift. Of course, it would be fine to do the same room with real marbles, but it would cost a fortune, and would therefore defeat its own purpose.

"But even if I used real marbles, I should do it with a difference. The Georgia and Tennessee quarries are full of spectacular streaks of coloured marbles which are always discarded by the architects, only to be seized upon by the decorators. For instance, there is a pink marble, full of markings, with a lovely yellow quality suggestive of Italy, that has always been discarded. Imagine a little garden house of this marble, of the style of the Temple of the Vestals in Rome, or a pavilion for dancing, with its panels and ceiling painted in fresco. We've hardly begun to touch the possible things that are ours, the woods and marbles and such things. If it weren't for the labour problem, we could go on forever, adapting and borrowing from tradition, and it need never be stealing. The only requirements would be sufficient knowledge of the ancient, sufficient courage of imagination, to keep our improvised decorations true to the standards of proportion and colour.

"Probably the mediæval artists who carved their saints in wood were shocked to see them plastered in colour and gilt and stuffs and pretended jewels, but now those bits of playful, though reverent, tawdriness are our most priceless treasures.

THE CHIEF END OF DECORATING

"Everything was once an imitation of something else, don't you think? You'd not have us give up our lovely old wall papers just because they first imitated tapestries and stuffs. Your precious ancients used wood to imitate marble, and marble to imitate wood, and plaster to imitate both. The delight of the eyes is the chief end of decorating. Comfort and suitability really belong to plain house-furnishing, but decorating must be that plus imagination and playfulness.

"By playfulness I mean experiment, without which nothing would ever happen. Makeshift brings about many happy surprises in decoration; a temporary daring often becomes the finest arrangement possible. That is another phase of the war—the queer things that have come about through makeshift. Whereas formerly one explored the remote corners of the world for desired things, one now seeks variety in the obvious. If there are no more worth while toiles de Jouy to be had, one uses muslin or linen or gingham or calico instead. Certain materials are no longer available, so we prowl around among dress materials, and find lovely things. You would probably call it an affectation for the decorator to use dress materials for upholstery and curtains, and yet lately I have achieved more interesting things with dress materials than with traditional stuffs.

"One can get plenty of chintzes and cretonnes, for instance, but of toiles de Jouy of the finest sort there are none to be found. France is sending us none, and we must use what we have. So lately when I was asked to put a drawing-room in summer clothes, and no toiles de Jouy of the right sort were available, I found a flowered taffeta and made slip covers of this lovely stuff, covered with gay little flowers,—neat slip-covers that fit as trimly as the Aubusson beneath them. They were finished with fine pleatings and bound with the narrowest ribbons, and that particular drawing-room is more charming now in its summer rôle than it ever was before."

"The war certainly enforces the varied use of things at hand, which is admirable. It is not that I object to new uses for old things; it is that these uses are oftener theatric than substantial. You'll come back finally, you decorators, to the serious things, the things in three dimensions," said the architect.

"You mean thick carved stuff?" asked the decorator. "Well, perhaps I shall, though I can't imagine a life without the possession of Renaissance cassones and highly enriched columns. I like the flamboyant, and the rococo—but I like to use it with plainish things. I feel that in order to use the lovely things—extravagant flamboyant things — we must have a simple background, priceless marble though it may be. I never shall forget the black and white cathedral at Sienna. The front of it is like a gigantic frosted wedding-cake, with pink and white lace rufflings, so exquisite and delicate are the intricacies of the marble, but back of that, inside, outside, the great towers, the voluptuous columns of the interior, everywhere is that repeated striping of black and white marble: a wide black stripe, and a wide white stripe, eternally repeated and never tiresome. And against this horizontal striping, this beauty terrible in its severity, are placed all the fine things in the world, all your stuff of three dimensions —fonts and staircases and statues and pulpits and all that, and though each object might well be the life work of an artisan, it counts only as a lovely spot of colour or gold or carved wood against this striping.

"I feel this exaggeration of surface, of background, in the Deering house, which brings us back upon our circle, for you find this house a fine expression of a modern architectural problem, and I find it a fine example of our modern frankness in borrowing and mixing."

THE OUTCOME OF IT ALL

"I suppose both of us are wrong and both of us are right," sighed the architect, "and being both a little mad, neither of us can argue very well. I suppose the answer will be that you decorators will become more serious, and we architects will become more flippant, and the poor will become more pretentious, and the rich more modest, and we will be where we began, all pretending to be something we are not."

"What matter?" said the decorator. "The world is so full of a number of things still unspoiled. Let's try them all. Let's pretend. There's no other game that is quite so much fun."

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THE FIRST AID NURSING YEOMANRY

(*Continued from page 68*)

start till the raid is over, as they are too precious to be risked.

It is not a bad record, this continuous service of the Fannies since the outbreak of war, is it?

For, remember, it is not work that can be taken up and dropped; you sign on for six months at a time, and only have two fortnights of leave in the year. And the girls sign on again and again, they are nearly all veterans at it. And, comfortable as the camp has been made—all the necessities of life are provided by the War Office and the "frills" by the Red Cross—and in spite of the tiny separate cubicles—greatest blessing of all—decorated to taste by the owner, in spite of everything that can be done to make the girls happy and keep them well—it is still a picnic. And a picnic may be all very well for a week or even a fortnight, but a picnic carried on over the years is not at all the same thing. . .

Certainly they all seemed very happy, and are all very well. Girls who go out rather delicate soon become strong in the hard open-air life, and there has not been a single case of strain from working the heavy ambulances. The girls do all cleaning and oiling of the cars themselves, and all repairs with the exception of the very complicated cases, for which they are allowed to call on the help of two mechanics, but only after the request has gone through those in authority.

The domestic staff, with the exception of one Frenchwoman in the kitchen, is supplied by the girls themselves, and on this subject of domestic staffs in France I shall say more later. Their food is army rations, which are excellent, as I can testify after straitened England—supplemented by milk and fresh vegetables, while the Red Cross gives the extras of life such as custard, cornflour, etc.

When at tea I saw butter brought forth in a lordly dish and was told to take as much as I liked on hot toast, I felt it was a solemn moment. There seemed a very care-free atmosphere about the Fannies, and at this camp the Commandant was known as "Boss," a respectful familiarity I did not meet anywhere else. Some irreverent soul had even inscribed it on the door of her cubicle. The Fannies "break out," so to speak, all over the place, even the bathroom is not sacred to them. It is a pathetic sight, that bathroom of the Fannies, more pathetic, I thought it, after I had seen the rows of big baths in other camps. The Fannies have a limited and capricious water supply, and their bath is so small as to remove forcibly the temptation for one person to use it all up. Perched on two stalks of stone stands a long bath in miniature, long enough to sit in with the knees up, but of no known human size. Inscribed above it (under a fresco in black and white of cats in the moonlight) are these touching words:—"Do not turn on the hot water when the cold is off or the Boiler will Bust."

Everything I have been saying and describing is external, I know, but, you see, I was still grasping at externals, though underneath certain things were beginning to worry me. But I couldn't bring myself to voice anything I was wondering to these splendid strangers; later, though I never was with any one convoy more than a night, still I got the feeling that seeing so many of them had made me more familiar with the ones I happened to be with at the time, and so I screwed myself up to the point and was richly rewarded. But that, as Mr. Kipling would say, is another story.

We drove away in the windy evening, past the parked rows of great glossy ambulances, and I bore with me chiefly an impression of gaiety, of a set purpose, of a certain school-girlish humour and that knack of making the best of everything which community life engenders when it does not do exactly the reverse; of long wooden huts that might have been bare but were decked with pictures, patterned chintzes, bookshelves, cushions; and, above all, I took an impression of a certain quality that I can only describe as "stark" in the girls, though that is too bleak a word for what I mean. It is a sort of splendid austerity, that pervades their look and their outlook, that spiritually works itself out in this determined sticking at the job, this avoidance of any emotion that interferes with it, and in their bodies expresses itself in a disregard for appearances that one would never have thought to find in human woman. It leaves you gasping. They come in, wind-blown, reddened, hot with exertion, after recklessly abandoning their hands to all the harsh treatment of a car—the sacrifice of the hands is no small one, and every girl driving a car makes it—they come in, toss their caps down, brush their hair back from their brow in the one gesture that no woman has ever permitted to herself or liked in a lover—and they don't mind. It is amazing, that disregard for appearances, but, of course, it is partly explained by the fact that the natural tendency in young things would be to accentuate anything of that kind, once it was discovered . . . and for the rest—I really think they are too intent on what they are doing and care too little about themselves or what anyone may be thinking of them. What a blessed freedom . . . This, at last, is what it is to be as free as a man.

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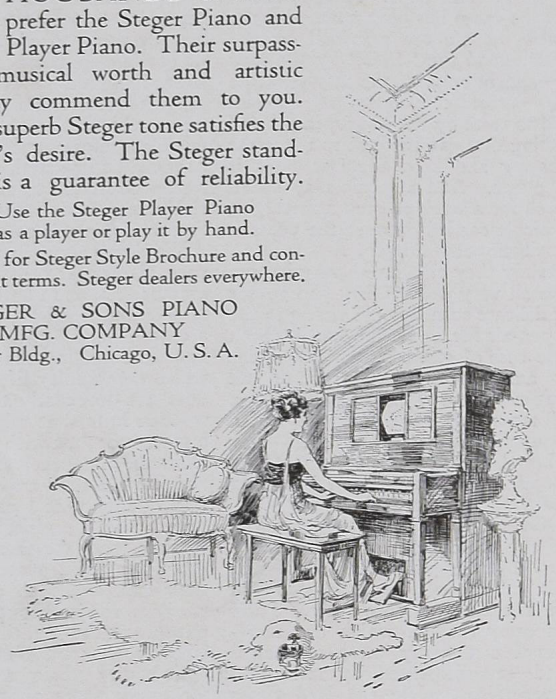

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FURNITURE *and* FASHIONS

(*Continued from page 34*)

with shoulder-knots and full trunk-hose, and women in very wide petticoats and low bodices. Chairs are no longer carved heavily and only the principal rails had any carving at all. The thin straw cushions have given way to seats covered with cane, or of cloth or stuffed leather, firmly fastened to the frame.

During the reign of "Le Roi Soleil" the hoop-skirts of the court beauties became so enormous (some were twenty-five feet around) that chairs for them became useless and they were forced to adopt stools without backs or arms. So much space was needed for these skirts that the centres of the rooms were left bare, and the furniture, consisting of wall tables and architectural chairs for masculine use, was arranged along the wall. So much more in use were stools than chairs, that a usual suite of furniture consisted of one sofa, two armchairs, and nine stools. And now, as in the reign of Charles II of England, much silver furniture was wrought for the king.

The elaborate patterns of costume were reflected in velvet and tapestry upholstery, in ormolu, in inlaid metal, and in the tortoise-shell patterns of Boulle, for it was now that Louis XIV said, "Let them work." It was a thoroughly masculine and triumphal period in contrast to the effeminate style of Louis XV, when the mistresses of the Court dominated the modes and manners. The brocades and laces and bow-knots of their gowns were copied in carved wood and tapestry and brocade for the chairs. These chairs became smaller and were constructed on lines of continuous curves, for costume again allowed the ladies of the court to sit in chairs and recline on the *chaises longues* so beloved by the Marquise de Pompadour. This simplifying of costumes and chairs developed gradually into the Louis XVI period, when the bow-knot was supplanted by the stripe, till we find Mercier, a contemporary author, writing, "Everybody in the King's chamber looks like a zebra." And indeed this zebra tendency influenced the pattern of silk upholstery as well as of dress. The "*voyeuse*" chair of Louis XVI, like the "conversation chair" of the early Georgian period, was especially designed for the dandies of the times, who considered their embroidered coat tails too handsome to be hidden, and so sat astride these chairs with their arms resting on the stuffed top rail of the back to show off their embroidery to the company. The change from the refinement of delicate line and colour of Louis XVI'S time to the heavy colour of the Empire was abrupt. Lines became classic, free, and uncorseted. Such costumes were suitable for the adaptation of the Eastern divan, and for chairs and sofas with arms of swan-neck shape and backs that curved. In short, the Empire costume again brought into use the design of the Greek chair much as we have adapted it to-day in its simple curves.

And should we trace the effect of costume down to to-day we must admit that though the narrow skirt has brought the low-bodied motor car, it has done little for our chairs. Yet why should not the woman of to-day follow the woman of former courts and have her chairs designed to accord with her costume?

A NEW YORK HOUSE *which is* ITALIAN

(*Continued from page 58*)

beautiful design and colouring; and from two stained glass windows, placed high at this side of the room, hangs a priest's robe and a bit of old damask in brilliant red. This colour is repeated in the beautiful old piece of Spanish velvet on the piano, and again in the damask on some of the chairs. There is an interesting mélange of petit-point tapestry chairs, old Italian lacquer chairs, and a settee covered in a vivid yellow damask. A wrought iron grilled door in the middle of one wall leads directly into the courtyard.

The dining-room, shown in the lower photograph on page 60, which is directly opposite the living-room, and which is reached by crossing the courtyard or by going back through the corridor, exemplifies the Italian spirit. Its floor is made of large square red tiles. The flat surfaces of the walls are painted in rich Venetian blue, adorned with crimson and gold mouldings. The painted panels are exquisite in design and colouring, and the ceiling is done in polychrome. The handles on the doors and the knobs on the windows carry out the imaginative spirit of the room, even to its smallest detail. The curtains are of striped Genoese silk brocatelle. The refectory table in natural wood tones and the Venetian chairs in black lacquer with a gold fern design were very happy selections for a room of this type. Again only candle-light is used. The tall torchères in wrought iron at the windows are wonderfully decorative.

On the next floor is the library, panelled in old English oak, with set-in bookshelves. Above the mellow-toned Gothic fireplace hangs a painting from Mrs. Thomas's interesting collection—a portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Near the window stands a Turner water colour. The coverings on the furniture and the hangings are of pale green and gold brocade, and with this are used old English walnut chairs and a pair of Chinese red lacquer consoles. An interesting touch is the primitive Chinese burial figures on the consoles. The soft light filters through the mullioned windows, in which have been inserted exquisite bits of old stained glass.

One of the most striking rooms in the house is Mrs. Thomas's bedroom, shown in the two lower photographs on page 59. Its walls are panelled and painted a vivid peacock green. At the windows hang curtains of striped apricot coloured taffeta edged with bead fringe and caught up in quaint festoons. The same taffeta is used on the Italian day-bed. The furniture is an interesting combination of a chintz-hung dressing-table with a painted mirror-stand, tapestry-covered Louis XVI settee and armchair, and a small painted Italian armchair from which the design of the bed was taken. In the window stands a small table-desk, beautifully appointed. On the walls hang two or three rare engravings and prints and a beautiful water colour by Boldini. The use of crystals in this room is worthy of particular note. There is the central chandelier, an old one of beautiful workmanship holding candles only; there are the side wall-brackets beneath which an electric light burns dimly; and there is a crystal drop-light over the dressing-table. On the console table a candelabrum of exquisite design makes another bit of crystal. The use of so much crystal reflects the light and creates an atmosphere of great brilliancy and radiance. The entire milieu is redolent of the expressive individuality of the charming châtelaine herself, whose delight in the arts is characteristically portrayed; and in consequence, there is that much talked of, but seldom achieved, perfect harmony between personality and the setting which makes its background.

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